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KILRAIN'S & SULLIVAN'S \$10,000 UP.

THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
The LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1889.

VOLUME LIV.—No. 606.
Price Ten Cents.



A MAD MAIDEN'S FREAK.

A PRETTY INSANE PATIENT ESCAPES FROM A CHICAGO SANITARIUM AND DISROBES WHILE PURSUED.



RICHARD K. FOX, . . . Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1889.JUST ISSUED.
RED RUIN.

THE ROMANCE OF ANARCHY IN AMERICA.

ITS ORIGIN, RISE AND CRIMES
Graphically and Profusely Illustrated.PRICE, - - - 25 CENTS.
Sent to any address on receipt of price.Published by RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, New York.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE efficiency of advertising in the POLICE GAZETTE is no better illustrated than in the case of Mrs. Sarah Parker, of Great Falls, Mont., who, a few weeks ago, advertised in our columns for her missing son. A copy of the POLICE GAZETTE containing the "ad" reached the young man, and the mother is once again happy, and has communicated her thanks to this office. The police throughout the world read our paper, and are always on the lookout for just such items.

LEWIS ROSENTHAL of the POLICE GAZETTE, who has already published several successful novels, has a new one on the stocks. It is called "Grisette," and the scene is in Paris and New York. The manuscript is highly spoken of by the few to whom it has been exhibited. John Delay, New York, is the publisher.

THE million readers of the POLICE GAZETTE and the few remaining residents of the globe should keep their eyes open for our Centennial Issue. It will simply be Immense, and will fairly blossom with sketches, pictures, scenes and interesting chit chat relating to the all-important days and their festivities.

SCARCE a day passes but we hear of some new emanation of the fecund brain of Edison, the Menlo Park Wizard. Until the genial Edison originates a machine that will snore like a man, and a piano with a dynamite attachment, old maids and dwellers in our boarding houses will be pardoned for imagining that the world needs a little greasing.

THE autograph, coin, bug and beetle mania has died away, but the theatrical picture mania is on the increase. Wherever the photographs of actors and actresses are exhibited you are sure to see a crowd. The fine specimens of work done by the POLICE GAZETTE in this department are much admired, and many members of the profession make collections of our artistic reproductions of histrionic celebrities.

ANOTHER WESTERN MINISTER has gone wrong. Ministers who fall from the path of virtue are to be pitied rather than condemned. In small towns, where the salary of a pastor is a hundred dollars a year or so and half the fish he catches, there is not much chance for luxuries, and when even a parson has to dispense with the services of a barber and monkey with a razor that his wife has been sharpening her corns with, perdition is roosting near at hand.

A BIG fire is again needed to teach the authorities that some of our city theatres are standing temptations to the most dire disaster. Many of our theatres are built in the most cardboard, gingerbread style, and are surrounded by other buildings equally inflammable. If a fire were to break out in some of these the aristocratic occupants of the orchestra stalls might escape perhaps, but the fate of the cooped perchers in the gallery would be certain death. Theatre-goers, if they are wise, will patronize only fire-proof play-houses.

AT LEAST a hundred thousand people are looking toward the promised land—Oklahoma—and on Monday next the grand rush will be made for choice claims. The population of Missouri, Kansas and the other surrounding States and Territories is already on the march toward No Man's Land, which, within a few days, will be Some Man's Land by a large majority. Let us hope that in the scramble the prospective settlers will conduct themselves in an orderly manner, for there is every indication, at the present writing, that the disorderly inclined purpose carrying things with a high hand unless they are restrained.

MASKS AND FACES

Day's Doings of a Dude.

DIXEY AND GOODWIN.

The Rounds of the Theatres.

A PET DOG'S MENU.

Buckley in California--Some Dainty Hands.



FIND that theatricals have been exceedingly dull this week. 'Tis true Donnelly and Girard made considerable noise at the Grand Opera House, and Harrigan gave us the "grip up" at the Park, and Mrs. Potter murdered three or four characters at Niblo's, and Sidney Drew and George Fawcett had a theatrical wrestle up at the Harlem Comique, and Barrymore still continues to bushrake at the Madison Square, and Georgia Cayvan still continues to sob at the Lyceum, and Lillian Russell still warbles at the Casino; but, in spite of it all, this week has been a dull theatrical week, and there is no way of getting out of it.

There was only one notable event.

On Monday night Charles Stowe dropped "An Iron Creed" on the stage of the Fourteenth Street Theatre, and the result was a sad thud and a sarcastic laugh.

The less said about that show the better.

It won't do to hit a play or a player when he or it is down.

As I said before, a dull week.

But Mr. Gilderoy Van Sweller, well known of chorus girls and restaurant waiters, was in all his glory last week.

The fine spring air seemed to agree admirably with him.

He is a type of the metropolis, is Mr. Gilderoy Van Sweller—a type worth a bit of description.

His diary from sunrise to sunrise would give you some idea of the life of a gilded gadfly of fashion.

It is for that reason, and also because theatricals are dull this week, that we will follow the day's doings of this dude and pick up stray stage notelets by the way-side.

Gilderoy Van Sweller is tall, thin and blonde. He has half-closed blue eyes, a small blonde mustache and rosy cheeks.

The first thing he does in the morning is to take a tub bath, and the way he looks when he indulges in this luxury is cleverly rendered in the initial letter of this article, drawn by my artistic colleague George McEvoy.

After Gilderoy Van Sweller has finished his ablutions and half dressed slowly, remember—for Gilderoy Van Sweller does everything slowly—he proceeds to shave.

As he stands in front of that mirror he remarks, stuck in one corner of it, the photograph of Daisy Dimple.

That girl has cost him a lot of money. He is shrewd enough to suspect her of even more levity of character than brevity of skirt. He half believes his friends, Dunderhead and St. Bilk, are frequent callers at her flat.

But Gilderoy Van Sweller loves Daisy Dimple. He likes to see her nightly on the boards, show her padded calves to the footlights.

He likes to throw her flowers, and pay her supper, and see her home.

And as Gilderoy Van Sweller now contemplates her photographed charms in his shaving mirror, he secretly vows to himself that Daisy Dimple is an angel in tights, and that on that very night she should have another diamond ring to adorn the third finger of her small, plump right hand.

Speaking of hands reminds me that fine hands are a rarity among women of the stage. Most of them seem either too small, or stumpy, or dark, or evidently powdered. Sarah Bernhardt, Rose Coghlan, Grace Henderson, Carrie Turner, Jeanne Hading, Minnie Dupree, Adeline Stanhope, Annie Russell, Grace Filkins, Rose Leighton, Florence Ashbrooke, Selena Fett-T., Marie Prescott, Marie Jansen, Vernon Jarreau, have beautiful hands.

Meanwhile our friend, Gilderoy Van Sweller, has completed his toilet and seated himself at the breakfast table. He takes up his napkin slowly, rawns, places it on his knee, looks at the bill of fare, and orders.

Then he glances over the morning paper, the theatrical column.

He doesn't care for politics, Gilderoy Van Sweller, he doesn't care for literature or science.

By day, as well as by night, he lives in the lime light's glare.

And as Gilderoy Van Sweller glances over the gossip of the stage he finds here and there an item that has for him some faint gleam of interest.

Bob Hilliard replaced Ned Buckley in the "Gold Mine," but not with perfect success.

S. Miller Kent is daily on Broadway with his ugly dog, Ed Mayo comes to town from the suburbs and acts

The Washington Centennial Medal now ready, and mailed to any address for 10, 15 and 25 cents.

as though he lived in the "Golden" instead of playing in the "Silver Age."

Burr Macintosh speaks of getting up an actor's athletic association.

Lena Merville moves to her own country house at Yonkers.

Lizzie Evans is resting.

Uncle Ben Baker was seventy-one last week.

Jack Donnelly has leased Mount Morris Theatre, Harlem, and will run it as a variety house next season.

Wenmey Henderson was in town last week and spoke highly of "Blue Beard," to be done in all colors at Chicago.

Meanwhile "The Crystal Slipper" will rest during Holy Week in order to give the chorus girls a chance to look after their souls as well as their soles.

Gilderoy Van Sweller has read this news, eaten his breakfast and sauntered forth.

He is dressed in faultless attire.

But he has a way of holding his cane that threatens damage to small boys.

Gilderoy Van Sweller doesn't care.

He walks on implacable as Fate in a play of Aschylus, impassive as Frank Carlyle in a play by De Mille.

He turns neither to the right hand nor the left.

Agnes Booth, much shorter on the street; Annie O'Neill, prettier than either Amy Lee or Emily Yeaman, pass him by.

Frank Tannehill, Jr., blonde and radiant, bows. He is not afraid to plough "Nan's Acre Lot" again next year.

Charles Dickson is back in town, too, and daily on the great thoroughfare.

I hear he is going into the hat business, as a kind of side issue, as it were.

At any rate I'm afraid he'll have trouble to fit the crania of some of his colleagues affected with the "big head."

It's a malady terribly prevalent just now.

Then Gilderoy Van Sweller saluted Estrella Sylvia, of Koster and Bial's, and Nellie and Eva Forrester, from Pastor's, and Isabelle Coe, from the Bijou.

Between half-past ten and twelve is the time when Broadway is dotted with juvenile leads and emotionals and ingenues.

They are all more or less awake, more or less shaved or powdered, and hasten to rehearsals.

Gilderoy Van Sweller passed them on this particular morning and suddenly came across his two fellow-men. Dunderhead and St. Bilk.

The three men exchanged three exclamations apiece, and all three together proceeded on their promenade.

Madame Modo and her daughters were out in all their glory.

They had new spring bonnets on their blonde or brown heads, pale or dark violets in their corsages, matronly or maidenly.

Van Sweller, Dunderhead and St. Bilk found greater changes of costume on the street that day than Casabell, the lightning change artist of the Boston Howard Atheneum Specialty Company, clever though he be, can possibly effect every night.

It was kaleidoscopic.

The three men stopped at bars, ate cloves, drank cocktails, tasted free lunches, ate more cloves, and walked on.

Toward four o'clock they dropped in at their club.

It faced on the avenue.

They tilted their hats back, and panted their noses against the big window panes, and sucked their canes, and ogled the girls.

Just as Robson says he does, in the "Henrietta," you know, down at the Star Theatre, you know.

Edwin Stevens goes with Aronson.

De Wolf Hopper must look to his laurels.

Charley Schroeder, one of the best men in the business, will manage Potter and Bellew next year.

Minnie Palmer was a favorite in Brooklyn last week.

Frank Dupree is taking care that "Robert Elsmere" is carefully handled by the newspapers.

Harry Cortiss will manage the Drury Lane Burlesque Company next season.

Laura Burt leaves "Fantasma" and goes with "The Still Alarm."

After Van Sweller, Dunderhead and St. Bilk have sat at that window for an hour or so, they take dinner and try to decide where they should spend the evening.

Dunderhead suggests Sothern in "Lord Chumley," but the others say no.

St. Bilk is in favor of Mrs. Langtry, but Dunderhead objects.

Finally they agree to see the "May Queen," at Palmer's.

Van Sweller goes uptown to his girl's flat and brings Daisy Dimple with him.

The three maskers assume, during the performance, that bored expression now so much in fashion, never

The girl with them critically scans the bonnets of the women in the house, flirts with any chance pair of black eyes she can catch, and munches the cachous in her silver bonbonniere.

When the performance is over Van Sweller, Dunderhead and St. Bilk, with Daisy Dimple, are driven to a fashionable supper room in a fashionable hotel.

The food, the wine, the lights, after a while, have the effect of making those fashionably slug-gish youngsters wake up a bit.

St. Bilk and Dunderhead go out for girls.

The party gets to be uproariously merry.

It was at just such a merry party, at supper, that Dixey once broke a glass. Nat Goodwin, not remarkable for his beauty, laughingly remarked that he had never broken a glass in his life. "What?" smilingly inquired Dixey, "not even when you looked into one?"

Speaking of anecdotes reminds me of one of Ed Buckley's.

He is gaining a wide reputation as a raconteur, drawing the material for his stories from the early theatrical history of California. He told a new one to a group of friends the other night at an up-town resort. "During my first season on the stage," said he, "I was an exceedingly enterprising and ambitious player, who believed in his own proper person the future great tragedian of America, whom the whole nation would applaud and encore.

"I was connected with a travelling company in those early days which boasted the brave and persuasive Marcus Mayer in its business department, that first lieutenant of Henry B. Abbey serving his apprenticeship as advance agent. There were very few railroads for their accommodation, and the company travelled from camp to camp in old-fashioned stage coaches.

The country was rough and mountainous, and whenever an exceptionally steep hill was reached it was the custom for the men to dismount and walk up the hill,

thus relieving the strain on the horses. When within a few miles of a temporary mining camp where they were to perform that evening, the male members of the company had just finished a climb up a hill and waited for the coach to come along. I was to play a juvenile part in one of the old standard plays that evening, and in a burst of dramatic enthusiasm I struck an attitude and quoted 'We will resolve ourselves into a band of robbers, and thou shall be our captain. Ha! ha! The stage coach comes apace.'

Two miners, who were out gathering fuel, heard this dramatic outburst, and conceiving that an attempt on the stage was meditated, hastened to the camp and organized a posse, which surrounded and captured the astonished actors before they could utter a word.

Lynch law was the only law known in those days, and if it had not been for the persuasive eloquence of Marcus Mayer, who was waiting for the company to come to town, the result might have been disastrous.

As it was, things assumed such a serious aspect that they effectively cured me of spouting quotations in public."

When that little supper party was over Van Sweller, Dunderhead and St. Bilk were much the worse for wear.

The cabman who took them home said he had seen men whose name was Mud and men whose name was Denis, but he'd be blown if he'd ever seen the likes of them three. I don't know what

became of Daisy Dimple and the other girls, but Gilderoy Van Sweller was in that pitiable state so cleverly described by May Irwin in one of her songs, where a fellow doesn't come home, but is delivered at his door.

The dude's day was over.

And from one of the pockets of Gilderoy Van Sweller, as he lay on the sofa of his bachelor room, there dropped a letter.

It contained a request from Daisy Dimple for a new pet dog.

Dogs play quite a role in theatricals nowadays.

Cora Tinne got a letter from a friend concerning a dog the other day

EXTRA!

THE MONEY'S UP.
Another Act in the
Kilrain-Sullivan
Drama.

CRIDGE & CO. STAKEHOLDERS

Kilrain's and Sullivan's Representatives Post the Final
\$10,000 for the
Big Fight.

THE MEETING AT THE
CLIPPER OFFICE.

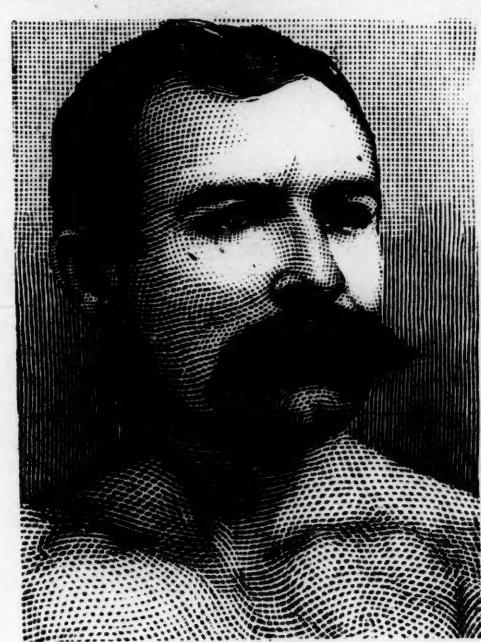
A Dispute Concerning the Rules
Regulating the Police Gazette
Diamond Belt.

NOW FOR THE NEXT ACT!

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

The grand match has been made! Doubters who shook their heads knowingly and winked at each other as they passed by have at last been quieted.

The news was telegraphed to every city in the United States, and was flashed across the ocean to the innermost recesses of the sporting world on Monday afternoon that the great fight encounter between Jake Kilrain and John L. Sullivan had been made.



JAKE KILRAIN.

Kilrain, the champion of America, and John L. Sullivan for \$20,000, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of the world was a fixed event on the sporting calendar, and those who supposed that the great gladiators of the Nineteenth Century would not go ahead with the match found themselves mistaken.

Articles were signed and the money posted on Monday afternoon.

According to the articles of agreement signed at Toronto, the final deposit was to be posted at the Clipper office, in this city, on April 15, when the final stakeholder was to be selected. Many supposed that Sullivan's backers would not agree to the selection of a stakeholder, while a few others hinted that Kilrain's representatives would also fail to agree upon that official.

Kilrain's backer was first in the field, for, on April 12, the following document, accompanied by \$5,000, was received at the Clipper office.

NEW YORK, April 12.

Proprietors New York Clipper:

DEAR SIRS—Please find certified check for five thousand dollars (\$5,000), Jake Kilrain's final deposit in his match for the POLICE GAZETTE champion belt with John L. Sullivan, making Kilrain's full amount—ten thousand dollars (\$10,000)—deposited with the Clipper.

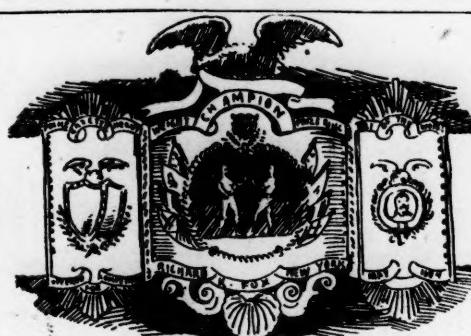
Kilrain's friends will meet Mr. Sullivan and his backers at the Clipper office at 12 o'clock Monday, April 15. Please notify them to that effect.

Kilrain and his friends would be glad if you would consent to act as the final stakeholder, and thus pre-

vent any discussion or wrangling over appointing that responsible official. Respectfully,

L. B. ALLEN.

The announcement that Kilrain's stakes had been all posted created quite a stir in sporting circles, and it was a signal that Kilrain did mean business.



THE POLICE GAZETTE DIAMOND BELT.

It was the tocsin sounding for genuine war. Sullivan and his backers, on learning that Kilrain's money had been posted, stated that their \$5,000 would be put up at 2 p. m. on April 15, the day named to make the deposit.

On Monday afternoon, the time named for the final posting, sporting men from all parts of the country journeyed to this city to see the third act in the greatistic drama. Representatives from the Baltimore American, Baltimore Sun, Boston Globe and other out-of-town papers were early on hand. The POLICE GAZETTE office was besieged by sporting men at an early hour, all eager to gain some information about the match. Jack Dempsey, Denny Costello, Mike Haley, Tom McAlpine, John Courtney, of Brooklyn, and others were among the early arrivals.

At 1:30 P. M. a great crowd assembled at the Clipper office, and the streets were crowded, many anxious ones having been waiting for hours to see the celebrities. At 2 P. M. Sullivan, with Jimmy Wakeley, Frank Moran, Phil Lynch, James O'Brien, Jack Barnett and a large delegation from Brooklyn, arrived. There was tremendous cheering and a great rush to catch a glimpse of Sullivan, the pugilist who was to meet the "Police Gazette" champion for a larger amount of stakes than any two men had ever fought for in the annals of the prize ring.

Sullivan appeared to be enjoying good health, and



THE HITCH ABOUT THE STAKEHOLDER.

With his backers he quickly elbowed his way to the sporting sanctum of the Clipper.

In the meantime the crowd had increased, and in front of Howe & Hummel's law offices and the Clipper office the sidewalk was blocked.

Editor Colvin at once made arrangements for the party who represented the gladiators to hold a conference, and the block room on top of the building was thrown open, and a table and chairs were arranged for those most deeply interested. After Frank Stevenson, who represented Jake Kilrain and his backer, had arrived the party adjourned to the upper room, and only immediate friends of Sullivan and Kilrain were admitted. Stevenson sat down at the table with Jimmy Wakeley, and after a little preliminary skirmishing Charley Johnson, of Brooklyn, wanted to know who he was going to do business with.

Frank Stevenson said:

"I represent Kilrain and his backer!"



FRANK STEVENSON.

A long discourse followed as to who was Kilrain's backer, and Johnson wanted to know whether he would have to sue for the stakes if Sullivan won. He was informed that there was not the least possibility that such a proceeding would be necessary, and business commenced.

Then Charley Johnson proposed Phil Dwyer, the famous turfman, of Brooklyn, for stakeholder.

Frank Stevenson objected, and refused to listen to any argument about his standing.

Charley Johnson then proposed George Engeman, the proprietor of the Clifton and Brighton Beach race tracks, and Frank Stevenson again objected.

A wrangle followed, and then Stevenson proposed David Blanchard, the well-known sporting man of Boston.

Johnson and Wakeley would not accept him. Col.

THE DOG PIT, or how to handle and fight dogs, 25 cents.
Richard K. Fox, Publisher.

Taylor, of the Boston Globe, was then named by Frank Stevenson, but Ed Plummer, who was present, announced that he would not act.

The New York Sportsman was then proposed, and it was stated that they would not hold the stakes and Johnson and Wakeley objected.

Kelly & Bliss, the well known bookmakers, were then named and Johnson party agreed, but they claimed that Mr. Kelly and Mr. Bliss were away, and they were dropped.

Criddle & Murray the well known millionaire bookmakers, were then proposed by Frank Stevenson, and after a short consultation, Charley Johnson said:

"They will suit!"

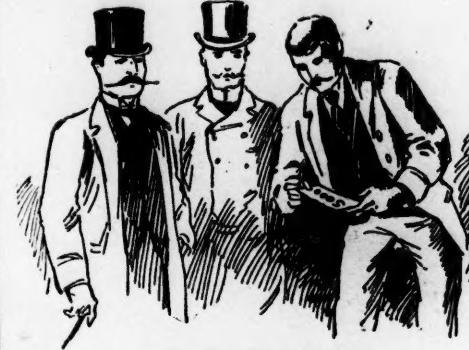
The final stakeholders had at last been selected and the third act of the pugilistic drama ended.

Sullivan, who had kept very quiet during the preliminaries, whispered to Charley Johnson, his backer, and the latter asked for W. E. Harding, who was present. Johnson said:

"We want the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt put up now with the stakeholder!"

"Yes," said Sullivan, "when I agreed to fight for that belt and recognize it, I understood it was to be put up!"

"Yes," said Johnson, "and we insist on it being deposited with the final stakeholder!"



KILRAIN'S MONEY ON DECK.

Harding said it was not necessary to put the "Police Gazette" diamond belt with the final stakeholder until thirty days before the match.

"Who says so?" asked Sullivan.

"You will find that in the rules that govern the belt stake," said Harding.

After considerable controversy a document was drawn up and signed by L. B. Allen and Frank Stevenson. Sullivan scanned it, and the match was settled. Charley Colvin then spoke to Johnson, and the latter handed him five \$1,000 bills. At the same time other bundles of Uncle Sam's treasury notes flashed in the air till the atmosphere looked green, but Colvin said smilingly: "This is enough."

After the business had been transacted Stevenson and the party went down to Billy O'Brien's saloon in Centre street and drank Kilrain's health.

Later Sullivan and his followers adjourned to "Dry Dollar" Sullivan's, and wine was opened, and Sullivan said: "Well, I did not believe they would put up, and after they did put up the money I thought they would not agree to a final stakeholder."

Charley Johnson answered: "We will win that \$20,000."

"Yes, you bet, John, and win in a gallop," said Wakeley.

After Sullivan and the party left Dry Dollar's large lounge followed them until they had to engage a coach to escape the crowd.

Al Criddle, the famous bookmaker named as the final stakeholder, is a household word among sporting men in all parts of this country and Canada. He was one of the pioneers in bookmaking, and has handled millions of money. He was the man, when Pierre Lorillard was on the turf, that "put on," to use a turf



SULLIVAN SCANS THE AGREEMENT.

position of stakeholder or not. Mr. Wakeley and several other gentlemen connected with the matter have urged me to accept, and it seems as if they won't take "no" for an answer. I can say this much, however: I feel highly complimented that the gentlemen connected with the matter have reposed enough confidence in me to place this large amount of money in my hands. After I have considered the matter more fully I may accept.

As Mr. Criddle is known to be an honorable gentleman, the general opinion prevails that no better selection could have been made and that the gentleman will accept.

The question regarding the belt came very near breaking up the meeting, and it looked, for awhile, as if the whole thing was going to be a fizzle. The matter was, however, finally settled, as above stated,



SCENE AT THE POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE.

when Messrs. Allen and Stevenson signed the agreement.

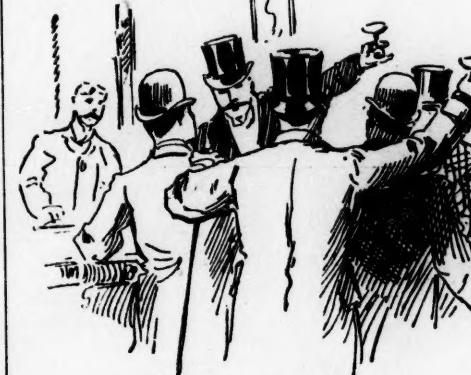
This is the agreement that was signed.

We, the undersigned, representing L. B. Allen and Jake Kilrain, hereby bind ourselves to hand over the "Police Gazette" diamond belt to the final stakeholder thirty (30) days before the fight between John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain. If not, we will forfeit the money deposited. Signed,

I. B. ALLEN,
FRANK STEVENSON.

There was some talk on Tuesday of Mr. Criddle not accepting the stakeholdership. Said he, when questioned regarding the matter:

"I have not made up my mind whether to accept the



AT DRY DOLLAR SULLIVAN'S.

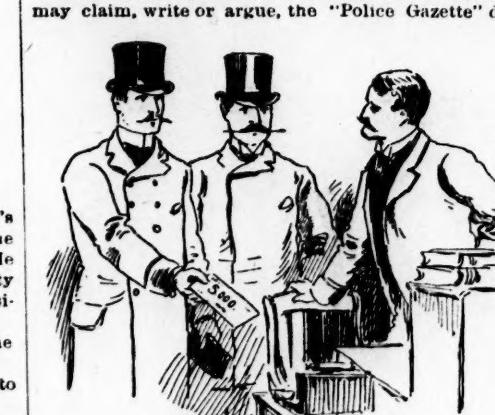
position of stakeholder or not. Mr. Wakeley and several other gentlemen connected with the matter have urged me to accept, and it seems as if they won't take "no" for an answer. I can say this much, however: I feel highly complimented that the gentlemen connected with the matter have reposed enough confidence in me to place this large amount of money in my hands. After I have considered the matter more fully I may accept.

ELOPED WITH AN INDIANA ARTIST.

Dublin, Ind., is highly excited over the elopement of Miss Fannie Crull with one A. B. Larkin, an engraver of photographs. The young people have ten days the start, and their whereabouts are unknown. Mrs. Sarah Crull, the widowed mother of the girl, enlisted the services of the sheriff. Her story runs that Larkin made love to her daughter and asked for her hand, but, as he was a stranger and had been but a short time acquainted, permission to marry was refused. On March 31 Larkin drove up to the Crull home with a buggy, and the daughter left with him, telling her mother she was going to Richmond to visit a family friend until the following week. Miss Fannie did not return, but her mother thought nothing of it till she wrote and found her daughter had not gone there at all. She then concluded they must have eloped. The girl is pretty and intelligent, being a graduate of the corporation high school. Her age is 20, while Larkin is 27. She was socially popular, and connected with the M. E. Church of Dublin.

MR. FRED A. YOUNG'S LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY LUCK.

Mr. Fred A. Young, treasurer of the Union Eyelet Company of this city, purchased for \$1 the twentieth part of ticket No. 2,887 in the Louisiana State Lottery. That ticket, at the recent drawing, took the \$300,000 prize, viz., \$15,000. The gentleman was credited by the Telegram with having this stroke of luck about two weeks ago, but a denial appeared in one of the papers. This morning the Telegram learned that the money had been collected for Mr. Young through the Bank of America of this city. At the bank no information could be obtained, the tellers having apparently been instructed to furnish no facts for publication. At the office of the Eyelet Company a Telegram reporter found Mr. Young and learned that the ticket bought by him through the Boston agency had indeed won the money, and that the \$15,000 had been collected through the bank named. Mr. Young was extremely reluctant to give the information, and acted as though he was more ashamed than pleased at winning such a large sum of money. He was so desirous of having the facts kept from the public that he had the bad taste to suggest payment for suppressing the news, thus misrepresenting the character of this paper and its representatives. His object for keeping the news of his great luck from the masses, he said, was because he thought that it would stimulate so many others less able than himself to indulge in lottery tickets to invest their dollars. Just why those with less means than himself should not desire \$15,000 Mr. Young did not state, but he did say that he objected to the general public being made aware of his good fortune.—*Providence (R. I.) Telegram*, March 29.



SULLIVAN'S MONEY TO THE FRONT.

bond belt is now the standard pugilistic championship emblem, and no matter whether John L. Sullivan or Jake Kilrain wins the coming battle, upon which the belt, \$20,000 and the championship of the world is at issue, the winner will have to defend it against all comers.



MAGGIE MITCHELL,
THE OLD-TIME FAVORITE OBTAINS A DIVORCE FROM HER HUSBAND, HENRY T.
PADDOCK, FOR INFIDELITY.



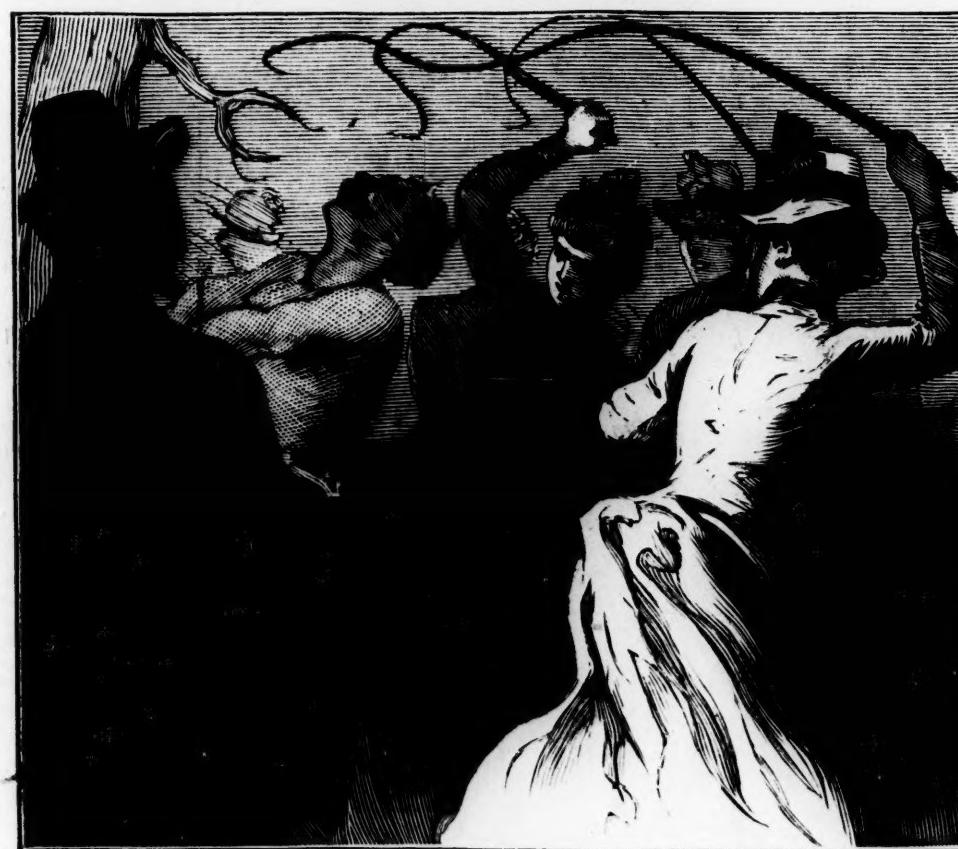
"NED" FOSTER,
THE PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER OF THE FAMOUS BELLA UNION THEATRE,
OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



A MASTIFF KILLS A TRAMP.
THE TERRIBLE DEATH OF A GLOBE TROTTER IN A FARM YARD IN UNION COUNTY,
OHIO.—WHO AIDED THE DOG?



A NOVEL SUICIDE.
HE IMPROVISES A UNIQUE CANNON, FILLS IT WITH POWDER AND SLUGS, AND
BLOWS HIS LIFE OUT.



A DOSE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE.
ALLEGAN, MICHIGAN, WOMEN TAKE A WIFE-BEATER OUT INTO THE WOODS AND
UNMERCIFULLY CHASTISE HIM.



A JOCKEY'S DOUBLE MURDER.
BILLY PRAY, OF FRANKFORT, INDIANA, SHOOTS HIS WIFE AND THEN BLOWS
OUT HIS OWN BRAINS.



SANDY CARTER, MURDERER.

THE COLORED DESPERADO WHO SHOT AND KILLED OFFICER JOHN MANNING OF BESSEMER, ALA.

GEO. W. WARD,

THE ABSCONDING EX-ASSISTANT POSTMASTER OF ELMIRA, N. Y., WANTED BY THE POLICE FOR ROBBERY.

WILLIE WHITE, MURDERER.

THE DASTARDLY DEED OF A SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD EVANSVILLE, INDIANA, BOY.



A CAMDEN, N. J., MYSTERY.

WHILE DISINTERING BODIES FOR REMOVAL THE GRAVEDIGGERS UNEARTH A COFFIN FULL OF BRICKS WRAPPED IN A SHEET.



HE WAS DOING THE KISSY KISSY ACT.

HOW COULD IGNATZ GREEN OF NEW YORK CITY VITRIOL HIRAM FACLES WHEN HE WAS HUGGING ANNIE GOLDBERG?



DROWNED IN THE DELAWARE.

THE AGONIZING DEATH STRUGGLE IN THE RIVER, NEAR LEWES, WHERE THE CAPTAIN AND FAMILY WERE LOST.



PADDY DUFFY HONORED.

"HUB" SPORIS GIVE HIM A ROUSING GREETING UPON HIS RECENT RETURN FROM SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



SHE WANTED A ROBUST HUG.

A PRETTY AND INTREPID WASHINGTON, D. C., MAIDEN WHO DESIRED A SOUL-CRUSHING SQUEEZE AND GOT IT.

GONE GLIMMERING.

Anoka, Minn., Hunting for its Bank Cashier, a Widow and \$100,000.

CANADA'S BOODLETOWN IN LUCK

A Ravishing Map Canvasser Corrals a Church Member and a Fortune.

AN HONORED CITIZEN'S FALL

Another bank cashier has had a fall, and, as usual, a pretty woman is at the bottom of it. Mr. Adam, the original cashier of the Garden of Eden, was the first man to patent the idea, and ever since then poor weak mortals have been following in his footsteps and startling their friends and the public on all sides by going glimmering.

The latest victim of the enticing woman's wiles is P. T. Pratt, until a week ago the cashier of the First National Bank of Anoka, Minn., a thriving backwater within a moon of the twin cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul. When Cashier Pratt suddenly meandered into the gloaming nearly \$100,000 evaporated with him, and the natives are hunting for him loaded with obstructions, mentally, and guns and other illegal and legal measures, physically.

The cause of the Anoka riot is a plump, pretty and pert little grass widow, who answers to the name of Mrs. Frederick A. Jacobson, who appears to have worked the town and Pratt for all they were worth. This is the way the story goes:

About a year ago there appeared in Anoka a young and beautiful girl, accompanied by an elderly woman and a little boy. The girl represented herself as a widow, giving her name as Mrs. Jacobson. Her companions, she said, were her aunt and her little boy. She secured rooms in a respectable neighborhood, and for a time lived very quietly. She was a beautiful



SHE FIRST COMES TO TOWN.

creature, of medium height, magnificent figure, having a remarkably pretty face, crowned with a wealth of auburn hair.

Mrs. Jacobson's conduct at first appeared to be most exemplary, but she made no pretense of being either educated or wealthy.

She had a very winning way, however, and finally, when she turned her attention to canvassing for maps, she had plenty of patrons. The pretty canvasser was quite talkative, and she told those who questioned her that she was the widow of a man named Jacobson, a swindler in the yards of the Burlington road at Quincy, Ill., who was killed a year after their marriage.

In one of her tours about the streets of Anoka the trim little widow encountered Pratt. A street flirtation followed, and soon thereafter Mrs. J. bought a ticket for St. Paul at the depot. After this it was found that Mr. Pratt's business called him to St. Paul three or four times a week. Realizing that she was not his equal in refinement and education, he sent the woman to the Curtis Business College.

Pratt was at that time the husband of a charming wife and the father of two pretty children. He had been married a dozen years or more, and his domestic relations were apparently the happiest. He stood high in business circles and had the confidence of all his associates. He was also prominent in church affairs, being a member in good standing of the First Baptist Church, and having been superintendent of the Sunday school of that body. In all religious and benevolent work in Anoka he was a leader, and his social position was of the best. He had lived in Anoka for about eighteen years, and is about thirty-five or thirty-eight years old. He was a power in local politics and one of Gov. Merriam's lieutenants in that vicinity in the late campaign.

Some time after Mrs. Jacobson's advent she called on Mr. Pratt at the bank on some real or invented business. So little is known of her that it cannot be determined from which side the advances came. She



THE FLIRTATION BEGINS.

was beautiful and Pratt himself was as handsome as an Apollo.

It may have been a deliberate attempt on her part to ensnare or it may be that he became enamored of her and dragged her down. True it is that shortly after this visit a suspicious intimacy sprang up between the two, and it became evident that Pratt had forgotten his marriage vows. The meetings of the couple were always in secret for a time. Then it became known that Pratt and the woman had frequent clandestine meetings.

Mrs. Jacobson suddenly left the city with the child. She shortly returned alone and said that in her absence



HAVING A GOOD TIME.

sence she had married a railroad man named F. P. Pratt. She and her elderly companion, with amazing effrontery, rented a house directly opposite Pratt's home, and the gossips noticed that Mr. Pratt and the fair young woman met with greater frequency. During all this time Pratt was neglecting his church relations. He still gave liberally, but seldom attended church services. Mrs. Pratt, wrapped up in her children and confiding in her husband, never suspected his infidelity, which had now become the talk of the town.

One day the pretty widow was missed by the natives of Anoka. Her sudden departure caused considerable comment in Anoka, but the cause of her leaving soon became bruited. Friends of the injured wife had notified her that her room was better than her company. She took no notice of this at first. A day or two afterward she was informed that the women of the city had formed a vigilance committee, and that unless she left within three days she would be tarred and feathered and ridden out of town on a rail. She left and went to Minneapolis, securing rooms near Eighth street and Hennepin avenue. While in the latter city she gave birth to a child and shortly afterward returned to Anoka.

Then it was that Mrs. Pratt was informed of her husband's perfidy. Some one thrust an anonymous note under the door of the house. Her eyes were opened. Her father, William Campbell, lives in Anoka. She did not turn to him, but to her brother, Newton Campbell, of Boston, who formerly lived in Anoka, and had held



affair was put into his hands. It is said that Pratt expressed a willingness to accede to almost any demand that might be made in the way of provision for his wife. It was agreed that no divorce should be sought for the children's sake. He finally gave his wife their homestead and \$5,000 in cash. Mr. Campbell took his sister home with him, terribly shattered in mind and body. In the meantime Mr. Pratt had been quietly expelled from the Baptist Church. He took a room over the bank. Mrs. Pratt, or Mrs. Jacobson, went to Minneapolis, and the affair blew over.

Two weeks ago Pratt gave it out that he had to go to Minneapolis, as he was unwell and wanted to seek medical aid. On the following day the bank officials were startled by a notice from the Merchants' Bank of St. Paul, that the account of the First National was overdrawn \$20,000. A messenger was at once dispatched to St. Paul to investigate, and the discovery was made



THE TERROR OF FLAT TOP.

that Pratt had drawn out about \$8,000 due the bank and over twice as much more on his cashier's check. The bank examiner was notified of the situation, and, in company with the cashier of Merchants' National Bank of St. Paul, and a Minneapolis expert, made a hasty overhauling of affairs. Enough was learned to show that Pratt was a thief to the amount of nearly \$100,000. It is impossible to tell how great has been Pratt's villainy, as the bank's correspondent in both Chicago and New York allowed it to overdraw to the amount of \$15,000. It is probable that he has drawn to the full limit of both banks. In addition to this he raised about \$30,000 on his personal note; indorsed by Mrs. Neil, an aged widow, who trusted Pratt to manage her business matters.

Investigation proved that the pretty grass widow had also absquatulated, and both are now said to be in Canada.

The very latest accounts received prove that Pratt's thefts from Mrs. Neil, the aged lady who made him her financial agent and treated him almost as a son, now foot up \$40,000. Mrs. Neil's will, which is missing from



OUR POPULAR TONSORIAL ARTISTS.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]
No class of people are better known in any city than the barbers, and the POLICE GAZETTE therefore takes great pleasure in this week publishing the portraits of a little family group of the Knights of the Scissors, Clipper, Razor, Strop, Cup and Lather Brush. In our group we have: G. Gueciardi, International; J. F. Minaldi, Astor House; Louis Washer, Continental; Wm. Hampeil, Hotel Everett; Fred Young, Cosmopolitan; Fred Scheets, St. Cloud; J. J. Fuchs, Union Square; August Schipper, Morton House; James F. Morrow, No. 10 Centre street; Leggett; W. Jones, Sweeney's; E. Bender, Hoffman House; W. B. Kochlein, Morse Building; L. Posner, Metropolitan; Phil Dreissacker, Grand Hotel; John Ottendorfer, Grand Union; Gideon Johnson, No. 131 East 125th street, a popular resort for prominent Harlemites and Mount Morrisites, and Henry Jorgenson, of No. 179 East 105th street. Good fellows all and all well up in their business.

THE TERROR OF FLAT TOP.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]
Bill Moran, a well-known desperado and general no-good, was killed last Thursday in Brauwell, W. Va. Moran had been in the habit of carrying things with a high hand in that vicinity, making his rendezvous in Flat Top Mountains. About two weeks ago he attempted to clean the town out, and a warrant was placed in the hands of Detectives Baldwin, Wallace and Robinson for service. They went to Moran's lair. Baldwin sprang through the door into one of the two rooms, and, seeing a man in a bed in one corner, supposed it was Moran, and called to him to surrender. Just then Moran appeared at the door of the other room and fired two shots at Baldwin, one passing through his coat on a line with his heart, and the other striking him in the arm near the wrist. By this time Wallace and Robinson were in the house, and the firing became general. Wallace went down with a shot in the mouth and two in the arm. Baldwin caught another bullet in his wounded arm and Robinson fired five shots at the outlaw, when his pistol was knocked from his hand by a bullet, which cut off one of his fingers. Moran shot all the cartridges from his two revolvers and then fell. He died in two minutes, and when examined twelve wounds were found on him, six being in his body. The three detectives received eight balls. Moran never spoke after the firing began. There is general satisfaction at his death.

BOTH MURDERER AND SUICIDE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION]

William Pray, a horse jockey, of Frankfort, Ind., shot and killed his wife on April 5 in a fit of jealousy and then blew out his own brains. He recently had trouble with his wife, and she left him, but he persisted in his effort to induce her to return. Failing to persuade her, he, with assistance, kidnapped her and took her to Attica by force. The officers followed and captured the entire party, bringing them back for trial. For the past few days the party has been loafing about the city. William called at the place where his wife was temporarily residing and again implored her to live with him, but she refused. He then asked her to kiss him good by, but this she also refused. Catching her in his arms he kissed her, drew his revolver, and, holding it close to her face, fired. The woman sank dead at his feet. He then blew out his own brains.

BULL AND MAN BATTLE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION]

Hugh McCormick, a brawny and active Irishman of Chatham, N. J., is lying at the point of death at his home because of an encounter he had with an infuriated bull recently. McCormick had attempted to drive the bull into the barnyard, when the animal turned upon him and gored him in a terrible manner, tossing him in the air half a dozen times. McCormick was frightfully injured. Five ribs and a collar bone broken, jaw bone fractured, left arm broken, and body, neck and face horribly lacerated, besides internal injuries is the way Dr. Wolf sums up his case. It is doubtful whether he can recover. The bull, which is valued at \$4,000 or \$5,000, will probably be shot.

A DOSE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION]

A man named Hurlburt, an employee of a paper mill in Allegan, Mich., has been in the habit of maltreating his wife by using her for a football whenever he felt in a frisky mood. One day last week a delegation of angry women, who made no attempt at disguise, headed by a man wearing a mask, marched into Hurlburt's house. The man grabbed Hurlburt and in a twinkling he was out doors and the women were belaboring him. The culprit begged and prayed for release, but not until the women were tired out was he allowed to go. A young woman of questionable character Hurlburt has been in the habit of visiting occasionally was then informed that unless she left the town she would receive similar treatment. She left.

PADDY DUFFY HONORED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION]

Paddy Duffy, the champion welter-weight pugilist, who defeated Tom Meadows, the Australian, at Frisco a few weeks ago, arrived in Boston Tuesday night. The reception he received was the greatest given a pugilist in that city for many years. Duffy reached Worcester Monday night, but some of his Boston friends who met him there detained him in that city till Tuesday evening. When the train rolled into the Boston and Albany depot there were over one thousand of his friends waiting to receive him. As he alighted from the train the crowd gave him three hearty cheers; then a brass band serenaded him with "Hail to the Chief." Fireworks of a liquid and pyrotechnic nature followed.

GOING FOR THE "PROMISED LAND."

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION]

Before the next issue of the POLICE GAZETTE, Oklahoma, the famed promised land, which is literally flowing with milk and honey, will be thronged with thousands upon thousands of men, women and children from all parts of the country, anxious to secure the most valuable claims to be given over to citizens by a grateful government. Already the pilgrims are awaiting on the border for the legal barriers to be removed, which will be done on April 23 by authority of President Harrison's proclamation. Even now would-be settlers are taking time by the forelock by "squatting," and the thoroughfares leading to the fertile tract resound with the hosannas of those hurrying to "git that."

A NOVEL SUICIDE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION]

Gustav Stensel, an aged German, shot himself with a cannon in Milwaukee on April 9. He made the cannon himself. He first made a piece of cast steel weighing nine pounds, six inches long and two inches square. In this was a hole an inch in diameter and five inches deep, with a regular cannon touch-hole at the end. He filled it with powder and double B shot. He then placed the cannon on a tub, with the muzzle close to his abdomen, and deliberately touched off the charge. His wife found him lying on the ground with a terrible wound in his abdomen. He died almost instantly. The cannon was found several yards from the spot.

MAGGIE MITCHELL.

[WITH PORTRAIT]

On another page will be found an excellent likeness of Miss Maggie Mitchell. The excuse for publishing the well-known actress' portrait at this time is that she has just been granted a divorce from her husband, Henry T. Paddock, by Chancellor McGill, of New Jersey. They were married in July, 1889, and lived happily together until recently, when Miss Mitchell obtained proof that her husband had been unfaithful to her. She then began suit for divorce, naming Miss Minnie E. Moore, now the wife of W. C. Havens, as co-respondent, with the result given.

SANDY CARTER, MURDERER.

[WITH PORTRAIT]

If all that has been said of Sandy Carter, a negro, of Bessemer, Ala., is true, he is decidedly a bad man. His latest escapade will probably terminate in the stretching of his neck if he is caught. A posse of officers and citizens, well armed and accompanied by bloodhounds, are scouring the woods for him. Officer John Manning, a faithful policeman, was after Carter for a case of assault and called at his house, which is a gambling den. As Carter saw the officer he discharged the contents of a Winchester rifle into his body, killing him instantly.



THE GRASS WIDOW CALLED AT THE BANK.

a position in the bank under Pratt. She wrote to him to come to her at once. She did not intend to inform her father, but one day, as he was standing in the front yard with her, Mrs. Jacobson came out of the house opposite. At the sight of her, the unhappy wife burst into tears, and drawing her father back into the house told him all.

When the brother reached here the settlement of the

If you can't come to New York to take part in the Centennial Celebration, you can send to this office for a Washington Centennial Medal for 10, 15 and 25 cents.

KILLED THE SHERIFF

A Tennessee Outlaw Assassins
ates an Official who Has a
Warrant for his Arrest.

CITIZENS AVENGE THE DEED.

They Take the Desperado from the Jail and
String Him Up to a Tree.

HIS COMRADE ALSO SHOT.

Grainger county, East Tennessee, is to the front with a series of atrocious crimes rarely equalled in the South. During the past week the people of that section have had their sheriff foully assassinated, one of his murderers lynched and an accomplice shot to death. A number of other persons have been wounded, and the end is not yet.

John Wolfenbarger was sentenced to the penitentiary by the Circuit Court of Grainger county in 1887 for robbery and made his escape several months ago from one of the branch prisons. He returned at once to the neighborhood of his former home, on the north side of Clinch mountain, and has been there ever since, and



THE KILLING OF THE SHERIFF.

there seems to have been no effort made by the prison authorities to recapture him. He recently committed an assault on a woman with whom he had heretofore held intimate relations. She procured a warrant for his arrest for the assault and placed it in the hands of Sheriff Greenlee, who at once instituted a search for Wolfenbarger, and found him in company with a man named Beeler, who was also hiding out from an indictment, a boy named Kirby and a woman. They were together in a stable and heavily armed.

The sheriff's posse reached Wolfenbarger's just at the break of day. The sheriff entered the house, but found no one there except Kirby, who was lying in bed with a Winchester rifle on either side of him. As he raised himself up he drew a pistol from under the pillow and leveled it at the sheriff's head. As quick as lightning Sheriff Greenlee grasped the pistol with one hand and the outlaw's throat with the other.

A terrific struggle ensued, and the sheriff made a prisoner of his man. He turned Kirby over to one of his deputies.

He next turned his attention to the barn, having fully made up his mind that the birds were in the loft. The posse was divided. Three men were sent around to the opposite side to prevent them escaping.

At the head of the other division Deputy Sheriff Parish, closely following the fearless sheriff, with pistol cocked, started to cross the intervening ravine between the house and barn. He had proceeded but half the distance when two shots were heard in rapid succession, and Greenlee was seen to stagger backward, then forward, falling dead on his face, without having uttered a word or a groan.

The conspiracy had borne its fruits. The sheriff had fallen with a heavy load of buckshot in his neck and



ARREST OF WOLFENBARGER.

head. He was dressed and removed at once to his home in Rutledge, where the terrible news had already been received at the hands of a fleet-footed courier.

Wolfenbarger was found secreted in a thicket about ten o'clock and was requested to surrender, which he promptly did. He was taken to the Rutledge jail. He

was a dark-complexioned, wiry-looking fellow, with just a touch of the cowboy style about him.

He said in the most positive manner that Beeler, and not he, fired the shots that killed the sheriff. He admitted being there at the time, but he was not the man who did the shooting. When asked if he feared lynching, he simply replied that he feared nothing.



WOLFENBARGER IN HIS CELL.

The morning following Wolfenbarger's arrest the people of Rutledge were startled to see hanging to a sycamore tree in the edge of town a body of a man.

The body was Wolfenbarger's, and so quietly had Judge Lynch done his work that not more than twenty people knew of the affair, although there had been much talk of it. The people were informed that the law would be allowed to take its course, and they dispersed to their respective homes, fearing just a little that the grand act would be performed and they be denied the pleasure of taking a hand, or looking on at least.

Shortly before midnight five determined men, whose names are kept quiet, but who, nevertheless, are representative citizens of the county, met in a grove just outside the village limits. They sent word in some way or other to the doomed man, so that he could make peace with his Maker and send such messages as he desired to his family and friends.

When they entered the prison they found the doomed desperado crouched in the corner of his cell praying with such earnest fervor as to cause them to step back and leave him alone for a minute. When they spoke to him he raised himself up erect, and the old dare-devil spirit asserted itself.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" he asked with a slight quiver in his voice.

"Are you ready?" they asked in reply.

"I am."

"Are you guilty?"

He hesitated just a minute, and said: "I suppose they're no use denyin' it."

As the leader placed the rope around the prisoner's neck he broke down again and commenced praying. He continued to pray in murmuring accents as his executioners led him across the jail lot, over the little stream that glistened in the moonlight, and rippling over its stony bed broke the sombre stillness and sang, unconsciously, a dirge as the doomed man passed to his eternal estate and under the strong limb of a sturdy sycamore.

He was given more time to pray, which he used with



LYNCING THE MURDERER.

all the earnestness that a doomed man could probably bring to bear.

When the time was up the rope was thrown over the limb until Wolfenbarger's feet cleared the earth. He struggled fiercely for several minutes and was slowly strangled to death.

The excitement attendant upon the sheriff's tragic death and Wolfenbarger's lynching was augmented in the murder of Dan Beeler, the latter's accomplice. A searching party, while out looking for Beeler, found him secreted in a barn. He was asked to surrender, but refused, and seized his pistol. A 16-year-old boy of the party fired two loads of buckshot into the desperado's body, and death was instantaneous. The capturing party was then attacked by Beeler's companions in crime and a melee followed, in which a number of persons were hurt, but none killed.

TRAINER SAM FITZPATRICK.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Samuel Fitzpatrick of San Francisco, the well-known trainer, who is now training Peter Jackson for hisistic encounter with Patsy Cardiff for a \$3,000 purse.

PETER JACKSON, THE BLACK WONDER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Peter Jackson of Australia, the Black Wonder, who is matched to battle in the hisitic arena with Patsy Cardiff, the Peoria Giant, for the purse of \$3,000 which the California Athletic Club offers. Jackson has been victorious in

two battles on the Pacific Slope, defeating George Godfrey, the colored heavy-weight champion, and Joe McAuliffe, the Frisco Giant, and he is confident of conquering Cardiff when they meet on the 26th inst.

A MAD MAIDEN'S FREAK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Clara Miller escaped from Dr. Pratt's sanatorium, Chicago, on Saturday night of last week, ran through Lincoln Park, disrobing herself as she ran, and for an hour thereafter wandered along the boulevards and through the bushes without a particle of clothing. Her father is a wealthy resident of Austin. She had recently suffered from a severe attack of typhoid fever, and on her recovery was visited with acute attacks of mania.

Louis Belleish and Charles Sanders, of the Park Police, captured her as she jumped through a window into the engine room at the park. They threw a coat over her shoulders at once and clad her in a pair of overalls and a jacket. Her clothing, except the seal-skin sacque, was found in the bushes near the Lincoln monument.

BICYCLIST LOTTIE STANLEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A photo of Miss Lottie Stanley, the female bicyclist champion of the world, and holder of the "Police Gazette" diamond medal, which represents the female six-day (8 hours per day) championship of the world, appears in another column. Miss Stanley was born in Pittsburgh, and is eighteen years of age. She has figured in numerous races, and has covered 624 miles in six days, or forty-eight hours, riding eight hours per day. Miss Lottie Stanley is under the management of Billy O'Brien, and will start in the ladies' international six-day bicycle race, to be held at Madison Square Garden, this city, on May 12.

THE LADY AND THE BURGLAR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Mary C. Pierce, who resides at No. 184 Willis avenue, this city, had an interesting experience with a burglar one night last week. In the early morning she heard a noise in the hallway, outside her bedroom door, and thinking it was made by some member of the family, arose and opened the door. She was confronted by a man, who held a lighted newspaper in one hand and an awe-inspiring gun in the other. As soon as he saw her the man dashed down stairs and escaped. The burning paper set fire to Mrs. Pierce's clothing, but did no harm.

A CHILD WIFE TIRED OF LIFE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Anna Roberts, a beautiful girl of sixteen and a wife of only eight days, attempted suicide at Grafton, Ala., on April 6. She loaded a hunting gun with bird shot, and, placing the butt on the floor, leaned her breast on the muzzle and pressed the trigger with her foot. At last accounts she was still alive, but cannot recover. The girl is a daughter of Henry Smith, a prominent resident of Columbia county. She gives as the cause of her desperation unpleasant relations with her husband.

PUGILIST HUGH McMANUS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

We publish on another page a photo of Hugh McManus, the famous middle-weight pugilist, who has posted \$250 and challenged Kelly and Daly, the St. Louis pugilists, who have been doing considerable bluffing, to battle for \$1,000 a side. McManus is a well-knownistic hero. He has won his spurs in the arena, and he is very popular among sporting men in St. Louis. He claims to be able to wallop any man of his weight in the world.

WILLIE WHITE, MURDERER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Superintendent George W. Newitt, of the Evansville, Ind., police, has safely under lock and key one of the youngest murderers ever captured in this State. The boy is but seventeen years of age, and is named Willie White. Notwithstanding his youth, Willie is what is known as a bad egg. He wound up his vicious career two weeks ago by killing W. B. McFarland, an aged colored man, by striking him on the head with a boulder.

DESPERATE STRUGGLE IN A SKIFF.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Two government employees, by name Lawrence McDonald and John Schneider, while crossing the Mississippi river, near St. Louis, one day last week, in a skiff, began to quarrel with each other. The men clinched and a terrible struggle ensued. McDonald finally grasped Schneider by the waist and threw him overboard. Schneider was drowned. McDonald rowed ashore and escaped through the woods.

GEORGE W. WARD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Chief of Police L. D. Little of Elmira, N. Y., has offered a reward of \$30 for the apprehension of George W. Ward, late assistant postmaster of that city. Ward is wanted because of the fact that when he left town a considerable sum of money belonging to the Government left with him, and the police are anxious as to his whereabouts, thinking that perhaps he may have an idea as to the present location of the money.

A MASTIFF KILLS A TRAMP.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Thomas Berger, a farmer, of Union Township, O., was awakened early one morning last week by hearing his dog bark. He procured a lantern and hurried to the front yard, where he found his dog, a huge mastiff, tearing at the throat of the tramp, who had evidently gone to sleep on the porch. The people of the neighborhood are suspicious that some one aided the dog in killing the tramp.

"NED" FOSTER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

No man is, perhaps, better known among Western sporting and theatrical men than is "Ned" Foster, whose portrait is published this week. On another page will be found an interesting story of the Bell's Union, of which "Ned" is now the lessee, and from which any number of now prominent actors were graduated.

The Washington Centennial Medal now ready, and mailed to any address for 10, 15 and 25 cents.

LIBBIE BEECHLER FREE.

She is Acquitted by an Omaha Jury of the Murder of Her Former Lover, Harry King.

TEARS AND KISSES IN COURT.

Libbie Beechler, who has been on trial in Omaha for the murder of Harry King, Jr., is a free woman, the susceptible jury having acquitted her of the charge of murder. The jury was out but five minutes, and when they returned their verdict the greatest excitement prevailed. A shout, such as had, perhaps, never before been heard in a court room echoed and re-echoed through the surroundings, and men and women alike threw their hats in the air and screamed until they were hoarse.

During the reading of the verdict Miss Beechler's face was hidden in her handkerchief, and apparently remained unchanged. When the shout went up, however, she became visibly excited and showed signs of hysteria. She was taken in charge by Gen. Cowin, who, with the sheriff, led her into Judge Groff's private chamber, where she recovered in a few moments. She was congratulated by the jury, and a delegation of ladies beat to her an abundance of kisses and tears.

Harry King was a son of Henry King, a member of the clothing firm of Browning, King & Co., of Omaha. Harry had been boarding at the Paxton Hotel with a woman supposed to be his wife. Libbie Beechler followed him from Chicago, and on the morning of Nov. 17 last, after pleading with him to return to her without avail, she shot him. At the time she claimed to be his legal wife.

Immediately after the shooting Libbie was arrested and locked up, and for awhile the sympathies of the public appeared to be with King. This state of things soon changed, when it was claimed that Libbie had been King's victim and had become crazed because of his broken promise of marriage. This, no doubt, resulted in the verdict rendered.

The fascinating girl's past life remained as much a mystery after as before the trial. The admission made by Gen. Cowin in stating his defense to the jury that his client was not without sin promised further development. However, during the whole of the seven days that she was on the rack, not a syllable of history was given in testimony, except the story of her relation with the dead man, as told by herself to the city detective the day of the tragedy.

On the day preceding the trial Miss Beechler had a private interview with her attorney. She told the whole of her life history and unfolded the story of her betrayal, recounting in detail the principal events in her wretched career. She is the daughter of an English collier, and came to this country when quite a child. When 18 years old and living in Cleveland she formed the acquaintance of a steamboat captain, who afterward accomplished her ruin under promise of marriage. Afterward he directed her to go to Chicago, where he would marry her. He directed her to a house in that city, whose character was soon unfolded. Here she met Henry Woolworth King, the Chicago coal merchant, and soon forgot the errant captain. She afterward became friendly with Harry W. King, Jr., and they lived together in Quincy, Ill.

A TRAVELLING BARROOM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Superintendent Murray had an interesting prisoner one day last week in the person of Falk Cassak, of No. 7 Rutgers place, and Justice O'Reilly afterward held him for trial. Cassak had a novel way of evading the excise law. He carried a bottle of whiskey and a glass with him, and whenever he saw a man fail to get into a saloon he would approach and offer the man a drink of whiskey for three cents. He had the bottle filled over a dozen times during the day. He started out again for the same purpose, and the first man he ran across was a policeman in citizen's attire, who, failing to get into a liquor store, was walking away when he was approached by Cassak, who asked if he wanted a drink. Certainly he did, and out came the bottle and glass, and the policeman had a good ten-cent drink for three cents.

ROONEY'S LUCK.

He Now Has Fifteen Thousand in His Inside Pocket.

It is a singular thing that two of the winners of The Louisiana State Lottery capital prize should be residents of this city, for another Providence man is richer by \$15,000 to-day than he was a week ago. The ticket 2887, which drew the first capital prize of \$300,000 in the drawing of March 12, brought one-twentieth part of the prize to Mr. John Rooney, he having paid \$1 for that share in its chances. When the lucky numbers were published Mr. Rooney put his ticket in the hands of Messrs. Chase and Butts, of this city, to make the collection on. This was forwarded by them to New Orleans, and last Tuesday a draft was received on a New York bank for the sum of \$15,000. This was paid over to Mr. Rooney in checks in sums to suit, and these were deposited with various banks, \$1,000 being reserved for payment of immediate expenses. Mr. Rooney is an engine wiper for the Old Colony Railroad, is 25 years old and a native of Ireland, where his parents now live. It is his intention to return this summer to the old country and visit the relatives from whom he has been so long separated, the lucky drawing making it possible for him to do so. The other fortunate holder of a twentieth of this ticket is Fred A. Young.—*Providence (R. I.) Telegram*, March 30.



A CHILD WIFE TIRED OF LIFE.

MRS. ANNA ROBERTS, OF GRAFTON, ALABAMA, A BEAUTIFUL SIXTEEN-YEAR OLD BRIDE, ATTEMPTS SUICIDE WITH A GUN.



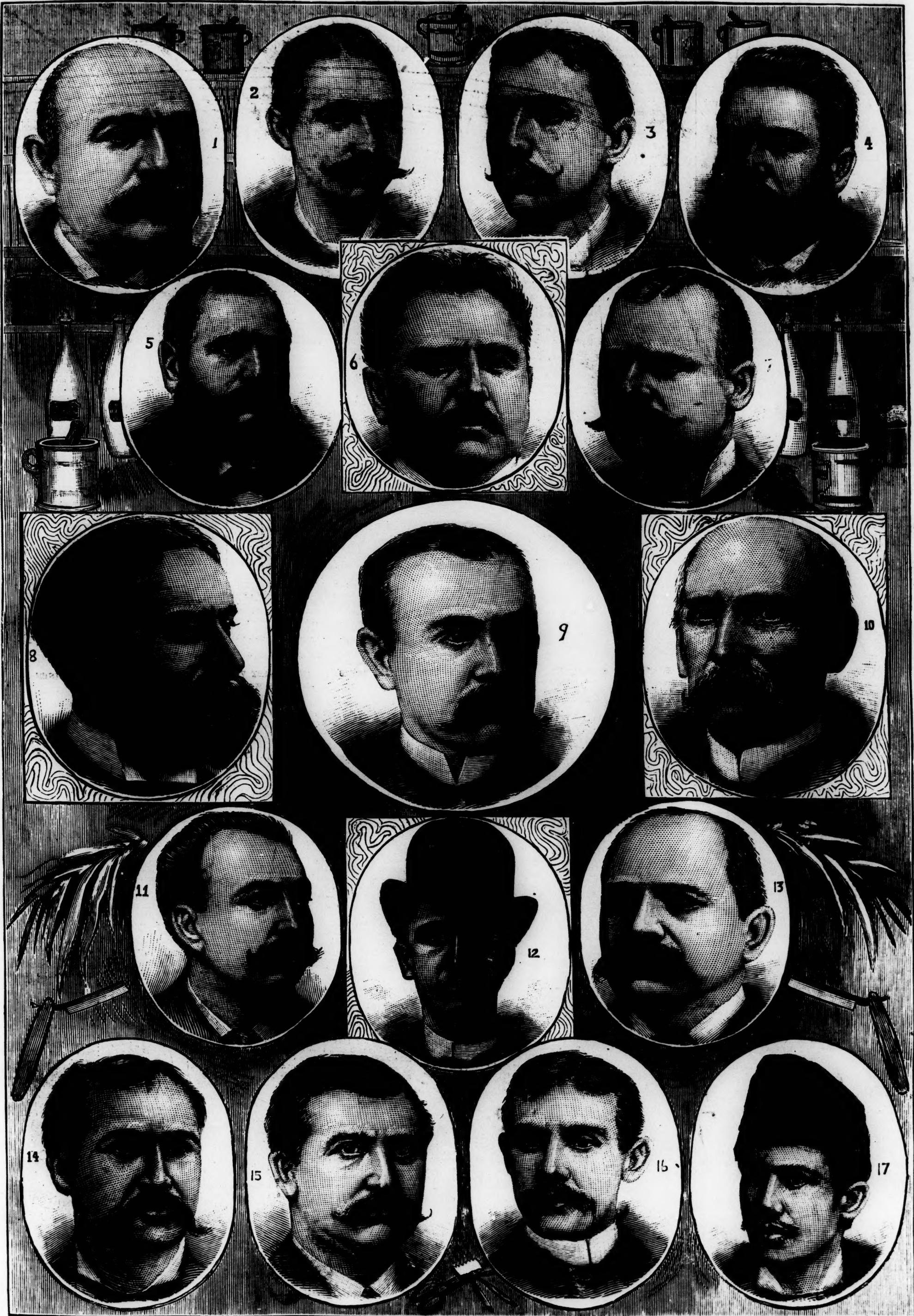
THE TERROR OF FLAT TOP.

BILL MORAN, THE BAD MAN OF WEST VIRGINIA, ATTENDS A SHOOTING MATINEE AND DIES WITH HIS BOOTS ON.



POSTING THE FINAL \$10,000.

THE THIRD ACT IN THE KILRAIN-SULLIVAN DRAMA, PERFORMED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER OFFICE, APRIL 25th.



OUR POPULAR TONSORIAL ARTISTS.

A LITTLE FAMILY GROUP OF SOME OF NEW YORK'S MOST PROMINENT KNIGHTS OF THE SCISSORS, CLIPPER, RAZOR,
STROP, CUP AND LATHER BRUSH.

1—G. Gucciardi. 2—J. F. Minaldi. 3—Louis Washer. 4—Wm. Hampel. 5—Fred Young. 6—Fred Reheis. 7—J. J. Pucha. 8—August Scheppel. 9—James F. Morrow. 10—W. Jones. 11—G. Bender.
12—W. B. Koehlein. 13—L. Posner. 14—Phil Dreissigacker. 15—John Otendorfer. 16—Gideon Johnson. 17—H. Jorgenson.

BASEBALL.

The Little Pitchers that Went to the Well and were "Broke."

HOPPER AS A B. B. C.—BASE BALL CRANK.

If pitchers amount to anything, the Athletics ought to get there, as they have nine under contract.

A couple of little country boys of Washington, Mo., named Calvin and Schuritz, had an idea that they saw their way clear for a fortune when Chris Von der Abe agreed to give them a trial with the famous St. Louis Browns to back them up. The trial was all that was necessary, and they were turned home sadder but wiser young men.

There are no flies on Elmer Foster; if he has to do the grand stand act this season he will do it in style, as he has made a satin-lined cushioned chair for his own occupancy upon the grand stand.

Hartford ought to be a lucky club, with seven "kittos" on its list.

Insinuations have been made that the Johnny Ward scheme of his going to Boston or Washington was only an advertising dodge. But this is cruelly unjust, for anybody who knows either Ward or the management of the New York club is fully aware of the fact that where a question of \$12,000 is concerned the money counts, but the player is no more than a human air-puff as against a gale of wind. Shortstops can be found every day of the week, while men willing to give up that amount of money are very scarce.

They are having a tough time over in New Jersey trying to persuade the good people of that State that it is the proper place to play baseball on Sunday.

The hotel bill of the Spalding tourists is said to be over \$100 per day. What a pleasure it would be to entertain them for a week or two!

They anticipate doing a tremendous business in Toledo this season. The club has gone into the International Association and intends taking all the money out of town visits, and in order to secure a safe place to store it President Ketcham has procured a safe weighing six and a half tons. There is nothing like being prepared for a case of this sort, as Mr. Day can well testify; for when he commenced making money at the Polo Ground he had no safe, had no room inside the enclosure, and had to pile his dust upon the outside. He became so careless about its accumulation that the patrons had to wade through it up to their knees to get inside the grounds.

Pitcher Palmo made Manager Sharsig's heartache, so he fired him before he got a chance to show what he could do in the pitching line.

If gay uniforms are going to win the pennant, Pittsburgh will surely get it.

While Cleveland is really the baby club of the League, she presents a team that got away with the St. Louis Browns in good shape, and will doubtless worry the majority of the League clubs this season.

Kid Baldwin and Bug Halliday are a fine pair of plums to talk about starting a temperance establishment. Their scheme is to run a cigar store with a billiard saloon attachment. But any one who knows these two fellows, and their former associates, can form a fair estimate of how long their business would last without a bar.

Pitcher Cunningham has developed most wonderfully in one year's time. Just one year ago he was whining and blubbering around for fear he would not get a job for the season, and hanging on to President Byrne's coat tails, of the Brooklyn club, for fear he would be left on his upper. But now his head is larger than a hog's-head, and the amount he at present demands for his services is simply prodigious. Had it not been for the kindness of Mr. Byrne in persuading Billy Brimble, of the Baltimores, to give him a chance last season he would have fallen into the soup and been forgotten.

The latest we hear from Manager Selee is that Jack Crooks is eating the balls this year. This is something new for Jack; the complaint heretofore is that he has been drinking them.

Baker, of St. Louis, announces the fact that he is open for an engagement; but we do not hear of any engagement being open for him. A mere smattering of knowledge of the game does not always catch on, and it is feared that George will have to learn the game all over again, if he expects to make a success of it.

Tug Arndel, who is one of the finest catchers in the baseball arena, has turned over a new leaf. He has sworn off forever. He is now looking for an engagement and will not drink another drop until at least one week after he has been duly signed with some club that has confidence enough in his keeping the pledge for the season.

There are a number of first-class stars who contemplate taking a vacation this summer, owing to the inability of the base ball managers to pay them the amount of salary at which they value their services.

Duryea, Cincinnati's big, overgrown clump of a pitcher, put in his time last winter in a novel way, with the bathing machine while he invented. He fastened a beam upon the roof of his father's barn so as to have one end extend about 3 feet beyond the wall. To this he attached a long, stout twine, suspending a League ball about waist-high from the ground. Then he amused himself pounding it with a bat to his heart's content. Now, we would be very sorry to call the gentleman lazy, but we must say it was a very convenient way to have the ball come back to him, without going after it, or without being under any obligation to any one else to go after it.

They are getting discipline down to a pretty good shape in California, when an unripe fines a man to the extent of fifty dollars for back talk. That being the amount that Sheridan soaked Bohan, of the Stocktons, for not thinking the same way he did.

There has never yet been a successful business venture made

but what plenty of other men were ready to hop into the same line. Because Spalding and tourists were received in royal manner in England and France, an avaricious schemer in Washington, is sending Ted Sullivan over to feel the pulse of the people to see what his chances are for sending two American teams over to establish the game of baseball.

While Dan Brouthers is a pretty good man in his place, he does not seem to be able to work his brother in for a cent. This thing of one man floating around on the reputation of another is no good in baseball matters.

The Baltimore people are not flying their kite too high, as they have sized up their representative ball team as a fourth-rate exhibition mob, so that if they make any progress in the champion-ship contest it will prove a surprise rather than a matter of disappointment.

Baseball is booming in the West and Northwest this season as it never boomed before. The public are becoming better educated on the intricacies of the national game, and each year produces increasing interest.

The entertainment in New York on the evening of Tuesday, the 9th inst., to the Chicago and All-American teams was very fine and duly appreciated. However, it can in no wise compare with the overwhelming reception to the teams given by the people of Chicago.

The Columbus club has set apart Thursday, of each week, as ladies' day throughout the season of 1889. There is nothing selfish about this, as the pretty and gaily-dressed ladies will surely draw large crowds of men; but then the management have an eye to "biz."

In the selection of DeWolf Hopper to respond to the "Baseball Crank" at the banquet tendered to the Chicago and All-American teams, the committee selected the greatest and only Hopper on earth. For the style in which he laid out the aldermen cold would double discount any undertaker on earth.

There are many varieties of sports in America, but the majority of them have got to fall back on baseball for support if they want to keep from assessing their members. The first to discover this fact was the all-round athletic clubs, who, in spite of their many species of entertainment, were obliged to adopt baseball to secure a good drawing card. Next to follow in their footsteps are the bicyclists, who are now forming a wheelmen's baseball league. We will not be the least surprised to see that when there will be a racehorse baseball league.

Donovan, the excellent centre-fielder of the London club, is not suffering with a swollen head by any means; as his trouble at present is only occasioned by his inability to convince the officers of the club that he is worth more money than they are willing to give.

They say Billy Blair has taken a wonderful drop, and it is claimed to be something on the order of the drop taken by Ramseay. Of course we do not know anything about Blair, but Ramseay's drop was into a barrel of sour mash.

The Chicago and All-American teams, in circumnavigating the globe and returning to Chicago, will have travelled about thirty thousand miles.

Says the St. Louis Republic: "Ward seems to be suffering with flatulence of the mouth. Johnny get your gun."

Ames, of the Princetonians, has the greatest drop-ball of any man in the profession. He did not know any of his lessons the other day, and the professor loaned him the toe of his shoe, which made him drop a ball so quickly that not a man in the college saw it falling.

Pittener Hoffman has made a new discovery. He says that if the ball is kept on the edge of the plate the batters will go after it. He, however, forgets that every person has known this fact since the time when Mathusalem lost his teeth from old age.

Jim White is still firm in his determination not to play with the Pittsburgh club this year, and it his intention to remain in Buffalo. Now, there is either one of two things, viz.: Jim deserves great credit for the able fight he has made against the League; or else it fails in his bones that his ball-playing days are over, and he is striving to retire from the arena as gracefully as he can, to save being kicked out.

The Torontos are of the opinion that they can hold their own in any company. A braggart is a good dog, but a hold-on is better. It will be but a few days, now, till they will have a chance to show what they can do outside of talking.

Fred Mann's friends have got him down fine. They well know what he amounts to as a ball player, and before he left for Hartford this season they presented him with a very handsome cushioned chair, in order to prepare him for the bench-warming act.

Frank Heifert who retired from the baseball arena in the year one, when the devil was a baby, has made a startling discovery that there is not any other business on earth at which he can have as soft a snap and make as much money as in playing baseball. Therefore he is open for an engagement with any club willing to hire him.

It is an unkind insinuation against the Jackson, Lyon and the Ladd brothers, to mention their names in connection with the weeding out of the bum players of the Dayton club.

Baker, who pitched last year for the Newark club, is catching on pretty well in San Francisco. In commenting on his work, the Examiner says he is a fresh—very fresh—young man; but he is a grand pitcher. The trouble with Baker is that he went out to San Francisco thinking the people there were all heathens, and no one knew anything about the game but himself. He made a sad mistake, and is now beginning to find it out.

Sylvester is doing pretty good work with the ash for the Sacramento club, as he has been finding the ball in great shape. In one game alone he made four hits out of eight credited to him.

While he was Goodenough for the Texas League, he is very much out of place in the California League. Unless he improves in his work he will soon be packed back East.

"JUNE."

The six-day go-as-you-please race, under the management of Frank Hall, will be held in San Francisco, Cal., on May 9. The contestants will receive 50 per cent. of the gross receipts, the reserved seats included. It will be divided as follows, which was the same schedule adopted in the last race: If only one man cover 525 miles during the six-day race, he shall receive all the money; if two men, 60 and 40 per cent.; if three men, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; if four men, 50, 25, 15 and 10 per cent.; if five men, 45, 25, 15, 10 and 5 per cent.; if six men, 40, 25, 15, 10, 6 and 4 per cent.; if seven men, 40, 20, 15, 10, 7, 5 and 3 per cent.; if eight men, 40, 20, 15, 10, 6, 4, 3 and 2 per cent.; if ten men, 40, 18, 9, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2 and 1 per cent.

Do not fail to send 10, 15 or 25 cents for a Washington Centennial Medal.

SPORTING.

Paddy Duffy can Have a Hack at Billy McMillan if He's Anxious.

HERE, THERE AND ALL OVER.

Meredith Stanley, aged 23, jumped from the Cincinnati suspension bridge, 285 feet above the surface of the Ohio river, on April 12.

The California Athletic club write that they will put up a purse of \$1,000 for George Le Blangie, the Marine, and Reddy Gallagher to battle for in July.

The battle between Denny Kelleher, of Salem, Mass., and Jim Daly, of Philadelphia, will be decided at Boston on the 22d inst. The conditions are fifteen rounds, Queenberry rules.

A special from Philadelphia to the "Police Gazette" says: "A glove fight between Jim Daly, of this city, and Reddy Gallagher, of Cleveland, is likely to be brought off on Saturday, O."

A special from Philadelphia to the "Police Gazette" says: "George Levine, of East Saginaw, and George Siddons, the famous Western light-weight, are matched for \$500 and gate money, at Grand Rapids, Mich.

Articles of agreement have been signed between Alexander Miller, of Philadelphia, and Thomas F. Delaney, of New York, for a 10-mile race for \$250 a side, to take place at Newburgh, on May 4, for the championship of America.

George Siddons, the well-known light-weight pugilist, writes from Grand Rapids, Mich., that he will meet Frank Murphy, the English 120-pound champion, or Ike Woir, for a purse of \$500, the match to be decided near Milwaukee, Wis., or vicinity.

John Rooney, of Baltimore, well known in sporting circles, has offered to bet \$500 that Kilrain will gain first blood, \$500 first knock-down, \$50 that Kilrain will not receive a black eye, and \$2,000 that the champion will defeat Sullivan if they meet on July 8 at New Orleans.

At Salem, Mass., on April 12, there was a wrestling match between H. M. Dufur, Duncan C. Ross and Pierre Delmar at collar and elbow, catch-as-catch-can and side hold. Ross won four bouts, Dufur three and Delmar two. Dufur excelled at collar-and-elbow, and Ross at catch-as-catch-can. The prize was \$200.

Denny F. Butler, the champion swimmer and all-round athlete, arrived in New Orleans Friday, April 5, on the L. & N. R. R., and was met at the depot by a committee from the Southern Athletic Club, of which he is sparring and swimming instructor, and also by Mr. Pat Keurick, the champion light-weight of the South.

L. E. Fulda, the president of the California Athletic Club, telegraphs to the POLICE GAZETTE as follows:

RICHARD K. FOX: Young Mitchell is willing to meet Johnny Rangan, of New York for a purse of \$3,000, offered by the California Athletic Club, but under no circumstances will he fight on September 1st.

The Golden Gate Athletic Club has signed Joe Bowlers and Jack McAuley for the evening of April 17. As both men are close fighters a feast of heavy slugging is in store for the Golden Gate members. It is reported that Sailor Brown, who was recently defeated by Young Mitchell, wishes to have a go with the winner.

Joe Early, the backer of Cal McCarthy, the phenomenal feather-weight, has matched McCarthy against Johnny Murphy, Jake Kilrain's protege, to contend with 2-ounce gloves. A purse of \$1,000 has been guaranteed by the Boston people, and the men must not weigh more than 115 pounds, as the articles call for 144 pounds, give or take a pound.

Prof. Graves, colored pugilist, heavy-weight champion of Panama, arrived in New York from Colon on April 13th. He called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and announced that he had come to get on a match with Peter Jackson of San Francisco, the boss scrapper of the Pacific coast. Graves is a splendidly developed man, very modest in manner, but his tone indicates ample self-reliance.

Jim Fell, the well-known pugilist, is now in Milwaukee, Wis. He writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that he will fight Mike Haley, of Ashland, Wis., now in this city, on any terms or any rules, or he will meet Gus Lawber, either, upon the same conditions. In reply, Mike Haley states he will arrange a match with Fell, and meet him within 100 miles of Baltimore, for a purse of \$500, and that Haley will find the purse.

J. D. Hayes, the popular boniface of Police Gazette Rules, a well known sporting resort at Ashland, Wis., and backer of Mike Conley the "Ithaca Giant," says that he will match Conley to box Joe LaMon, Jack Ashton, Pat Killen, or any heavyweight in America ten rounds, or according to Richard K. Fox rules (which mean no draw), either for \$1,000 a side or for gate, the winner to take 75 and the loser 25 per cent. "Richard," or rather Conley, "is himself again."

It is Paddy Duffy, of Boston, wants to make a match he will have every opportunity to arrange one with Billy McMillan, the welter weight champion of the District of Columbia, for the latter has posted \$100, and agrees to meet Duffy in an encounter for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. McMillan agrees to arrange a match according to Richard K. Fox rules at catch-weight or 142 pounds. Small gloves to be used, only thirty men on each side, and agrees that the match shall take place within one hundred miles of New York City, eight weeks from signing articles. Billy Burnett of Washington is McMillan's backer.

Charley Johnson, the well-known sporting man of Brooklyn, has posted \$250 with the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE and states that he will match Paddy Smith, of Brooklyn, against any light-weight in America for a contest with gloves for \$1,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which trophy is now held by Jack McAuliffe. Johnson believes that Smith can defeat any light-weight in America, and his offer, which is backed up with \$250, should bring a reply from Billy Myers, Mike Daly or some of the many light-weights who are in quest of the championship of light-weights and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt.

The Pacific Athletic Club, of San Francisco, will hold its monthly meeting Saturday, April 20, at which there will be a glove contest between Charles Rochette and an unknown, the winner to be matched against Jerry Haley, the Sacramento bantam-weight. There will also be a Graeme Roman vs. strolling match between young Whistler and Lambert, a four-round set to between young Connor and young Chynski, and C. C. Johnson will endeavor to break the Pacific Coast high-jump record. Mike C. Geary, manager of the club, writes that Cal McCarthy, the bantam-weight champion, could secure a good purse for a match with young Whistler under his club's auspices.

The following is a copy of the challenge Jake Kilrain, the champion, has issued in the *Sporting Life*, London, to Jim Smith, the English champion:

"It is pleasing to me that Jim Smith prefers to fight London prize ring rules, for I think that is my game, and the sooner we get together and arrange a date for a contest the better pleased I shall be. I do not wish for any newspaper controversy; all I want is a straightforward match. The same articles as the last match (\$1,000 a side, the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt and championship of the world) will suit me admirably, with only one alteration—that is, fighters to be in the ring between 10 and 12 noon and bar France. I have no ill feeling towards Smith, but there has been a lot of comment and talk about our respective merits, and I should like the much-vaunted question to be duly settled. It is purely a matter of business—no ill feeling whatever, international or otherwise. Hoping that Smith or his backers will fix upon a date in the near future, when I feel confident we shall cope to terms readily, without further palaver or correspondence. Yours truly,

JAKE KILRAIN,
Champion of America, and holder of the 'Police Gazette' Diamond Belt of America."

After ten exciting rounds, in which some heavy blows were exchanged and in which Jimmy Nelson seemed to be getting the best of it, McClellan caught him a right-hander on the neck, which fairly dazed him. He never rallied, and in the fourteenth round got another on the neck, which sent him sprawling to the ground unable to rise. McClellan was awarded the championship with both.

THE DOG PIT, or how to handle and fight dogs, 25 cents. Richard K. Fox, Publisher.

The glove contest between Jack Dougherty, of Philadelphia, and Billy Burns, of Worcester, Mass., was decided at Staten Island on April 14. Six rounds were fought, when Dougherty knocked Burns out. Dougherty is 21 years old, stands 5 feet 7 1/2 inches high and scales 128 pounds. His antagonist was 19 years old, 5 feet 6 inches high and weighed about 125. They fought for a purse of \$150, which was made up by the spectators.

TWO SLASHING MILLS.

Farmer McClellan Worst's Jimmy Nelson, and Jack Linden Knocks Phil McHugh Out.

The long pendingastic encounter between Phil McHugh, of Cincinnati, and Charley Linden, of Washington Court, Ohio, which for some time past has been attracting considerable interest among the lovers of pugilism in Ohio, was decided in a barn near Washington Court, one day last week, and was witnessed by a select number of spectators. The rival pugilists recently figured in a boxing contest in which McHugh had one end and the middle the worst of the battle with gloves. The result was he challenged Linden to enter the arena and contend against him in the now popular style, under Richard K. Fox rules, for \$200 and the gate money. Linden at first did not pay any attention to the deaf, but by the advice of a few of his staunch admirers he agreed to pick up the gauntlet, and the match was speedily

REFEREE.

Dr. Chauncey M. Depew Gives a Boom to Pugilism.

REDDY GALLAGHER TO MEET MIKE LUCIE.

In the speech made by Dr. Chauncey M. Depew, the modern Socrates at the banquet tendered to the American baseball braves, on their return from their pilgrimage, he said:

"A philosopher whom I always read with interest, because his abstractions sometimes approach the truth, wrote an article of some acumen many years ago in which he said that you could mark the march of civilization and rise of liberty and its decadence by the interest which nations took in pugilism. The nations of the earth which submit to the most grinding of despots have no pugilists. The nations of Europe which have never risen in their boasted establishments to a full comprehension of Republicanism, have no pugilists. While Ireland and the Irish people, who can never be crushed, who have poetry, song and eloquence that belong to genius, have the most remarkable pugilists. England, which has a literature which is the only classic of to-day, which has an aristocracy and a form of government which is nearly democratic, has remarkable pugilists, and when you reach the scene of culture in America—Boston—you find the prince of pugilists."

I admired Depew's wit and sarcasm on Boston having the prince of pugilists, but in my mind he overshoot the mark; for Kilrain is the prince of pugilists now reigning, and it is surprising that such an eminent and well-informed speaker as Depew, when he referred to the manly art, which is just as popular as baseball, taking in all parts of the world, did not give Baltimore the credit of having the prince of pugilists.

Probably Dr. Depew is not up on pugilistic ethics; yet they say, while at Yale, he used his mawleys and could hit straight from the shoulder. It is also said that, frequently, he dropped the Lexicon, Paradise Lost and Homer's Iliad for a sly perusal of Fisiiana and the Richard K. Fox's Champions of the Ring.

Gallagher and Lucie are to contend in the orthodoxistic arena for a purse of \$500, offered by James Dugrey, Jr., of Troy, well-known in sporting circles, and the training expenses of both pugilists are to be defrayed by the purse-giver. The conditions are Richard K. Fox rules, two-ounce gloves, and, judging from the previous records of the combatants, it will be a regular battle royal upon which hundreds of dollars will be wagered on the result.

Gallagher has met Charley Mitchell and Jack Dempsey, both top-sawyers in their class, while Lucie has won numerous battles and proved that he is a first-class middle-weight. Cleveland sporting men look upon Gallagher as invincible at his weight, while there is one thousand spot cash in Troy, so I am informed, to back Uncle.

According to the protocol the battle is to be decided within 100 miles of Troy, between May 8 and the 15th, and tickets will be limited to 200 and the tariff will be \$10 each. I am certain had Lucie and Gallagher agreed to decide their battle within 100 miles of this city there are seventy-five men, possibly one hundred, who would have paid \$25 a head, without a murmur, to witness the mill.

By the way, the topic of conversation on the Pacific Slope is the contest between Peter Jackson, of Australia, the "Black Wonder," and Patsy Cardiff of Minneapolis, the Peoria Giant. Both men, at last advices, were steadily training for their trial of skill, courage and endurance, and the admirers of both men are backing them heavily. Jackson's admirers class him a prize ring wonder, offering \$400 on his chances of success.

In Cardiff's last contest he failed to conquer Jim Fell, a 160 pound thumper, although Cardiff had the advantage in height and weight, being several inches taller than the English pugilist, and over 20 pounds heavier. In his match with Jackson Cardiff will experience a different phase of affairs. He will have to meet a man fully as heavy, if not heavier than himself, a man of unquestioned science and nerve as well as a cool-headed and hard-hitting opponent.

In regard to the dispute as to whether Peter Jackson or Slavin is the champion, a recent issue of the Melbourne Sportsman says:

"Of late, in writing of Slavin, we have consistently added the title 'champion' to his name. For this an hysterical attack has been made upon us in some quarters. It has been shrieked at us that we were wrong; that nobody but Peter Jackson is champion; and we have been asked quite pitifully, 'How could we be so dreadful as to dub any other boxer with that title?' Well, sir, we'll tell you, and with you our thousands of readers in every part of Australia, why we hold Slavin has fairly gained the championship. First, then, the acknowledged ring law is that when a man has fought for and won the championship he is entitled to hold it undisturbed for six months. At the end of that time, however, he must be prepared to defend it against all comers, provided always the aspirant to the honor is prepared to fight or box for a fair stake, and is ready to abide by championship rules. Now, let us see how far Slavin has complied with these conditions. Up to the Slavin and Costello fight in Albany, on Sept. 3 last, Jackson had the championship right away from the time of his match with Lees, a period of many months. Immediately after defeating Costello, Slavin issued a challenge to Jackson to fight for the championship and \$1,250 a side. The only condition he imposed was that the match should be a 'home-and-home' one—that is, half way between the respective cities of the two men. He did not ask Jackson to box in Melbourne, or anywhere near it. On the contrary, he was quite ready to meet him on New South Wales soil.

"Getting no answer to this, so really anxious was Slavin to meet the then champion, that he made him what was, in our opinion and the majority of sporting men here, a really liberal offer. He guaranteed Jackson \$50 for his expenses to come to Albany and box a match for \$250 a side. But even this was not sufficient. Nothing would suffice Jackson's backers but that the match must come off in Sydney, and in one particular hall in that city. To this Slavin replied that he wanted no gate money, only a fair contest for the championship, but Jackson refused to meet him, and left soon after for America. Slavin has defeated Jack Burke, and no one can dispute his claim to the championship. He has followed Jackson to the land of the Stars and Stripes, and on arrival will arrange a match for \$250 a side. Jackson is a first-class pugilist, and what we are doing is simply advancing reasons for the action the Sportsman has taken in proclaiming Slavin champion, and he is well worthy to be thus rated."

I see that Billy O'Brien is working like a beaver to make his international six-day go-as-you-please race, which takes place on May 5, in this city, a grand success.

I understand there are this early twenty-five entries, and it is expected there will be about seventy. O'Brien has also deposited \$1,000, which will be given to any man who breaks the 12-hour record. In addition to his share in the gate receipts, the walkers get half of this, as hitherto. A notable innovation will be a return to the old 500-mile post to insure a share in the gate receipts, instead of a walker having to make 500 miles.

By the way, Jack McAuliffe, the champion light-weight pugilist of America and holder of the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represents the light-weight championship of the world, has posted a forfeit of \$250 and issued a challenge to meet Jimmy Carney, the recognized light-weight champion of England, to battle for \$2,500 a side and the light-weight championship of the world.

McAuliffe not only shows he is in earnest by planking down a deposit, but he agrees to cross the Atlantic and board the lion in its den, providing the English champion will defray his expenses. Many have an idea that McAuliffe is unwilling to agree to follow in the footsteps of Freeman, the American giant; John C. Heenan, the "Beneva Boy"; Joe Corbin and Jake Kilrain, ex-champions and champions of this country, who journeyed across the briny deep to face the prize ring champions of England in the orthodox 24-foot ring in honor of the Stars and Stripes.

On the other hand, if McAuliffe allows Carney and his backers to hoodwink him in mucking the match, and there is no limit put in regard to the number of spectators to be present, then McAuliffe might just as well stop at home, for he would have about as much chance of flying as of winning.

There is one thing in McAuliffe's favor, should he be matched against Carney, and that is he is older, stronger and more matured than when he faced Carney for nearly five weary hours in the fall of 1887, in New England. Carney is not by any means a chicken. He has been a full-fledged game cock, but he is not near as lithe and active as McAuliffe, and taking into consideration the condition McAuliffe was in when he fought the English champion to a standstill, and his present improved condition, he should be able to make the English champion lower the Union Jack and do homage to the Star Spangled Banner. Carney, when he fought Isaacs for the championship of England, was able at that time to rule the roost, but now he is miles behind that form.

If the match is made it will set the pugilistic machinery humming and create intense interest in all parts of the world.

I found the following in the "Evening World" recently: "And now everybody is wondering what Holks' object was in putting Matt McCarthy against Cal McCarthy. The sporting men say that it is a mystery to them. The amount of ticket money taken was not very large—certainly not large enough to compensate the Philadelphia sport for the loss of his reputation as a shrewd backer. He has assuredly made a mistake that will prove costly to him in the end. People hereafter will not be so eager to secure tickets for affairs of which he has the management."

Sullivan arrived in New York on April 9. The following special came to the POLICE GAZETTE office on the same date: "A train which rolled out of the Boston and Albany depot at 11 last night bore among its passengers John L. Sullivan. His destination was Gotham, where he expects to give an exhibition with Pat Killen, of St. Paul, at Madison Square Garden. His departure for Louisiana, where he will go into training, will take place about May 1. Prior to that date he will fill a starring engagement of one week at Keenan's Variety theatre in Washington with Jack Ashton. Jack Barnett, Sullivan's manager, leaves Boston to-night for New York, and will accompany Sullivan south."

The "Licensed Victuallers' Mirror" says: "The arrival of one American friend heralds the departure of others. Kilrain comes and the baseballers go, and if the truth must be told, the advent is a matter of much more general interest than the departure. We can hardly believe that the American national game is ever likely to become Anglicised. English boys, probably, will always play rounders, but once let them possess a cricket bat, ball and stump, and it will take some effort to get them back to the primitive enjoyment of their infant years. Looking at the game as played by our visitors, one can hardly credit the stories told of the sums paid to those who take part in it—sums, beside which the big fees earned by the modern boxer pale into insignificance; and we thought the latter was just now one of Fortune's special favorites. But tastes differ, and there is no reason why hobbies when they are ridden should not be paid for."

Pulling a horse means riding him to lose when he can win; but it by no means implies that there has been any direct use of the bridle to hold him back from winning. I admit that I have seen horses actually and literally pulled; but, perhaps not one of two hundred that go out for aires required so strong measures to prevent him from getting his head home first. A horse can be effectively stopped by other and more covert processes. I shall not deal with cases where the horse is unit, or rather after a bucket of water; that part of the trade lies with the trainer.

A jockey can lie too far out of his ground—take a turn too wide, go out of his way to get shut in by the leaders, court a cross or collision in the straight. Any one of such misfortunes may happen to him against his will when he really desires to win; it is high art to obtain them when he wants to lose. Only clumsy pull horses. Your artist never attempts it. Where it comes to the actual finish, when the jockeys sit down to ride their horses home, also comes in. The orthodox rider should be feeling his horse's mouth with even reins, and a light hand; his body should play to the stride of the animal, his hips being braced and his shoulders also. A bad rider, who sits with slack hips and loins and windmill arms, causes his centre of gravity to wobble, and so barks the stride of his horse; and if one rein is slackened the horse is not held together, nor his head balanced to his line of progress; and all this tends to shorten his stride.

Then, again, a jockey who does not want to win can, without displaying windmill action of arms, ride badly enough, and can at the same time deceive the eyes of even good judges. A competent jockey may appear to be riding and pinching a horse, when all the time he is as good as sitting still, hands down. I have seen many a jockey flogging his boot when the public supposed him punishing his mount; he will pretend to be riding, while in reality he is holding his horse well together. It is the easiest task in the world to accuse a jockey of pulling; there is nothing more difficult than to prove such a charge. The fact is, it is not one or two pieces of unsatisfactory riding that by themselves can destroy a jockey's reputation. Horses can and do run in and out in the most honest hands. No man nor animal can always be at concert pitch. So, if both training and riding are square, none the less may a horse upset all his public form for good or bad."

The "Sporting Life," Sydney, says: "Mulholland's recent feat does not, however, count for much. When two men are in the ring for six hours without deciding which is better then they must not be very eager. Let them fight with any kind of determination, and Nature will not permit them to stand the strain for anything like six hours. It is evident that Mulholland has lost much of his dash and determination. Every one thought he would when, a short time ago, he came into contact with a characteristic institution of our administrative system."

Do not fail to send 10, 15 or 25 cents for a Washington Centennial Medal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR PURCHASING DEPARTMENT.

Owing to the numerous orders that we are daily receiving for all kinds of Sporting Goods, Portraits, Books, etc., of every description, we have, for the convenience of the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE, opened a

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The department is in charge of a thoroughly competent man, and any orders that we are favored with will be filled at the manufacturers and publishers' lowest prices.

Orders filled promptly and must be in every case accompanied by the cash. Address PURCHASING DEPARTMENT, POLICE GAZETTE, Franklin Square, New York.

M. D. Paterson, N. J.—No.

W. N. B., Detroit, Mich.—Yes.

J. E. H., Springville.—A straight.

ALGONAC, Bay City, Mich.—B wins.

E. H. S., Buffalo Station, N. Y.—In 1878.

A. D. R., Forman, Dak.—The bet is a draw.

A. C. Tuscaloosa, Ala.—Three hundred only.

—Defiance, O.—We do not know what you mean.

J. B., Baltimore, Md.—Their fighting weight is 120 pounds.

H. J. E., Oconomowoc, Wis.—What are you trying to find out?

C. W., Buffalo, N. Y.—High, low, jack, game, Pedro, Sanchez, W. W. S., Charlton, O.—We have not the space. Thanks for offer.

A. B. S., Leeland, Prince George's county, Md.—Your letter received.

F. P. H., Union Club, New York City.—We do not know what you mean.

T. J. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.—No man can lose when he has no show to win.

F. P. G., Rock Rapids, La.—Sullivan weighed 185 pounds; Paddy Ryan, 193 pounds.

A. T. W., Philadelphia, Pa.—Arthur Chambers did hold the light-weight championship.

E. V. F., Baltimore.—Yes, the portrait is here, and will be published when opportunity offers.

A. W. C., New York City.—If the referee decided the shot was foul, you must abide by his decision.

E. W. H., Vienna, Md.—John L. Sullivan stands 5 feet 10½ inches high, and Kilrain 5 feet 11 inches.

G. S., Grand Rapids, Mich.—It is impossible for us to ascertain the height and length of the bridges, etc.

S. C. L., Lake City, Mich.—Send 25 cents for "The Champions of the English and American Prize Ring."

T. J., Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. Send for "The Police Gazette Standard Book of Rules." 2. No. 8. Jake Kilrain.

AL BANDMAN, New York.—1. Only his openers. 2. Lay your jack aside. 3. "Summers Annual Yachting Guide."

A CONSTANT READER, Brooklyn.—1. No. 2. Sullivan was born on Oct. 15, 1852. He fought Paddy Ryan, Feb. 7, 1852.

CONSTANT READER, Salem, Mass.—We cannot publish items unless they are indorsed by reprint. Thanks, however.

C. J., Camp Supply, Indian Territory.—You fail to state at what distances you want fastest time trotting or running.

T. A. B., Franklin, Washington Territory.—1. Sydney, N. S. Wales. 2. We do not know anything about his parentage.

SPORTSMAN, Boston.—Duncan C. Ross was not born in Scotland, but in Turkey. His mother was Irish and his father of Scotch descent.

G. H. R., Iron Mountain, Mich.—Jake Kilrain and Charley Mitchell engaged in a glove contest at Troy, N. Y., and the affair ended in a draw.

S. W. T., Faunsdale, Ala.—1. According to the articles of agreement, the men are to meet within 200 miles of New Orleans on July 8, 1889. 2. Back Kilrain.

T. W., New York City.—1. It is hard to guess correctly what horse will win the Brooklyn Handicap so early in the season. 2. The Chicago stable may start Terra Cotta or Egmont.

T. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Heron is not trained in the Chicago stable, as is generally believed. His owner and George Hankins are great friends, and McLaughlin will probably ride him in the Kentucky Derby.

F. M., Butte City.—1. The longest prize fight on record according to London prize ring rules was 6 hours and 15 minutes, between James Kelly, better known as Australian Kelly, and Jonathan Smith, who fought near Melbourne, Australia, November, 1855. 2. 1851. 3. 34 feet 11½ inches, by E. W. Johnson, at Guelph, Canada, Oct. 13, 1879.

DONKEY HARRIS, New York City.—It was on Dec. 23, 1868, that Abe Hicken, of England, and Pete McGuire, of California, fought, 124 pounds, for \$1,000 a side. The fight took place at Perryville, Md. Five rounds were fought, when Hicken administered a double on McGuire's jaw, fracturing it in two places, and Hicken was declared the winner. Barney Aaron and Patsy Mealy seconded Hicken.

M. W. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Jennings's stable for 1889 comprises: Teilo Doe, ch. m., by Great Tom—Nina Turner; Swift, br. m., by Great Tom—Mariposa; Frank Ward, b. h., by Voltiguer—Stella; Biggottine, b. m., by Bramble—Bobbinette; Langar, br. h., by Lyttleton—Vixen; Utility, b. t. s., by Iroquois—Leto; Teddy Foley, b. g. s., by Glengarry—Parana; Ch. c. 2, by Onondaga—Ballet; B. g. 2, by Ten Broeck—Clipper; B. f. 2, by Billet—Weland.

A. J. W., Boston.—Antonio Pierre was born in Siera, Greece, February, 1860; came to America in 1880; commenced wrestling in San Francisco, Cal., June, 1883, his first opponent being the man with the iron jaw, since which time he has defeated Muldoon, Cannon, Duncan, C. Ross, Capt. Daly, Lewis, Connors and a number of lesser lights, including Greek George, the Jap and Chas. Green. Pierre is open to wrestle any man living Greek and Roman catch-as-catch-can for \$500 a side.

V. J., Providence, R. I.—Edwin Thorne, the well-known proprietor of Thorndale, Dutchess county, N. Y., died at New York, March 25, of heart trouble, aged 64 years. Mr. Thorne located at Thorndale 20 years ago, being then joint owner with Alder Goldsmith of Volunteer. He has bred Hero of Thorndale and Marksman, and owned Thorndale, Hamlet, Lady Patriot, the dam of Volunteer and Nil Desperandum, all of whom sired 20 performers. He owned Edwin Thorne, 2:16½, and bred Daisy Dale, 2:19¾; Rosy Thorne, 2:27½; Nettie Thorne, 2:35½; Misty Morning, 2:21; and others of less renown.

J. L. H., New York City.—Albert M. Frey, the champion 15-ball pool player of the world, gives the following reply to your complicated query: Under the rules governing the game played, the shot, as described, is *no scratch*. The rules distinctly say that either the cue ball or an object ball must go to a cushion after contact with any ball. In playing for safety, the player need declare his intention, because, not having called a ball, he cannot claim any if pocketed on the shot. In case a player has called a ball, failing to hold the ball, neither the object nor cue ball goes to a cushion. It is a scratch.

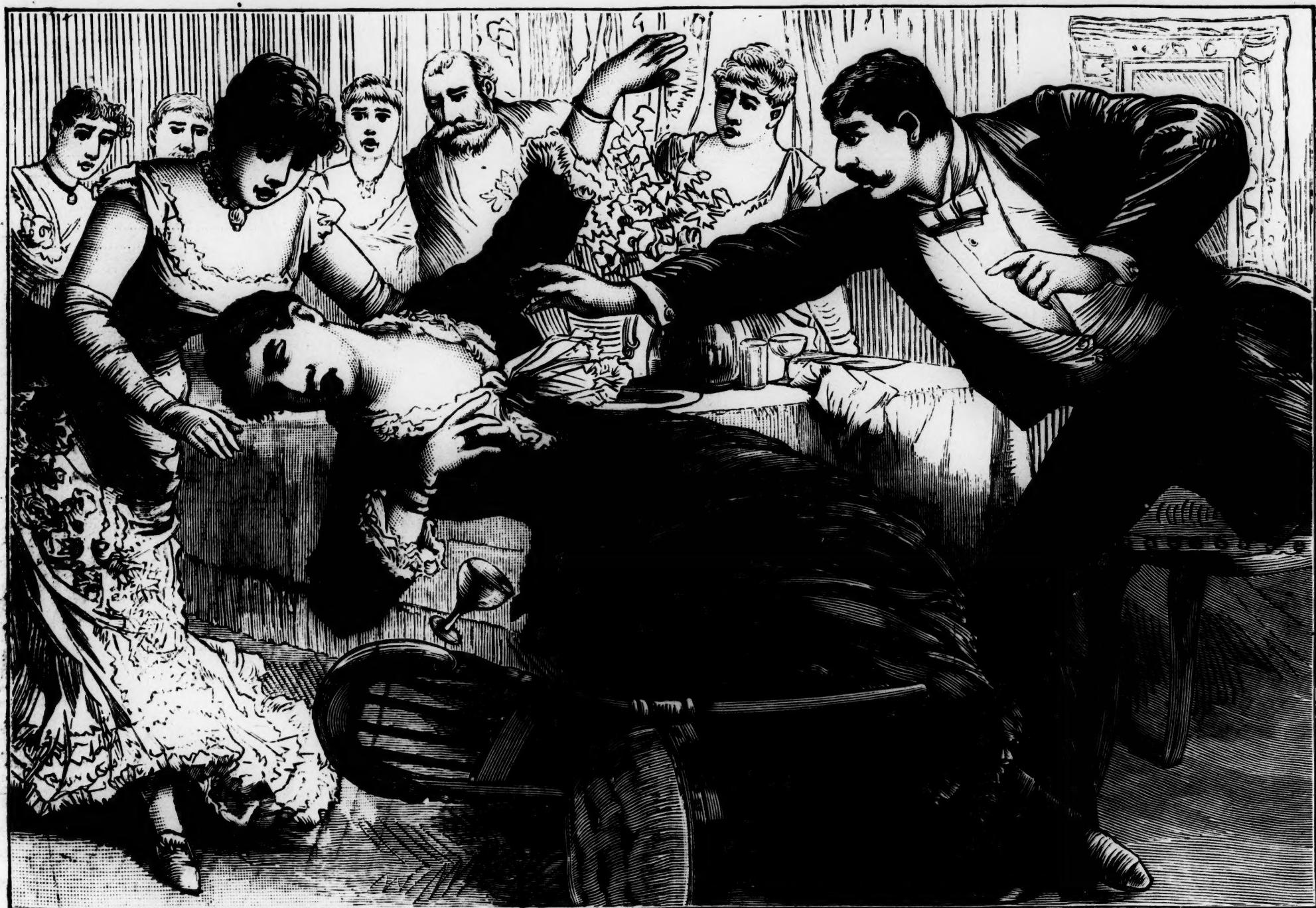
M. W., Annapolis, Md.—1. The following are the Cornell College eight-grade crew, selected by Trainer Courtney and Commodore Poatka, who are to measure blades with the University of Pennsylvania, and possibly Yale and Harvard:



THE LADY AND THE BURGLAR.
MRS. PIERCE OF NEW YORK, AWAKENED BY A NOISE, CONFRONTS A TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION AND A GUN.



DESPERATE STRUGGLE IN A SKIFF.
TWO GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES QUARREL ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, NEAR ST. LOUIS, AND ONE IS THROWN OVERBOARD.



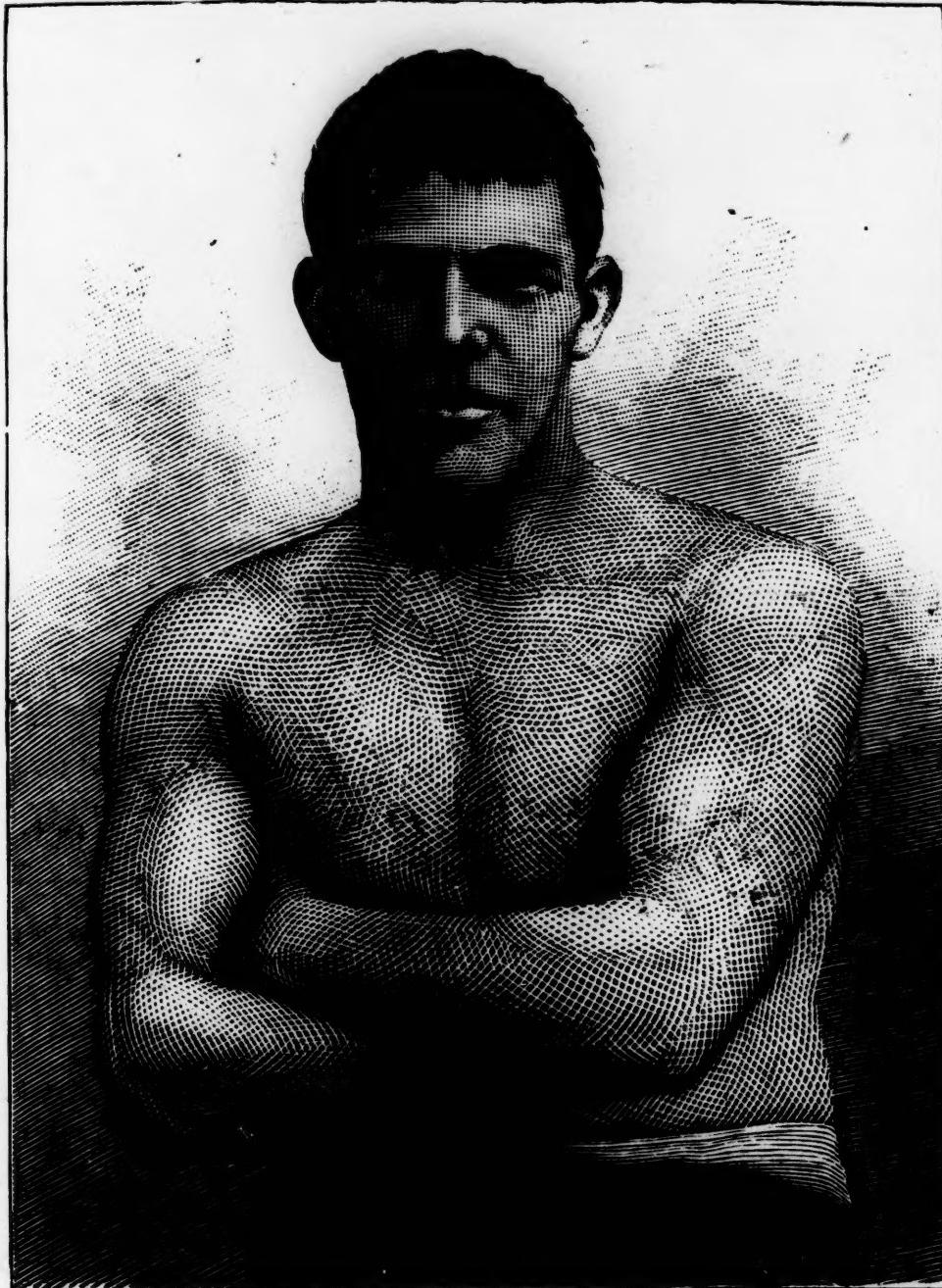
DEATH AT THE FEAST.
THE BRIDE'S MOTHER STRICKEN WITH HEART-DISEASE DURING THE WEDDING REVELRY IN A NEW YORK RESIDENCE.



BULL AND MAN BATTLE.
THE TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE OF HUGH MCCORMICK OF CHATHAM, NEW JERSEY, WITH AN INFURIATED BOVINE.

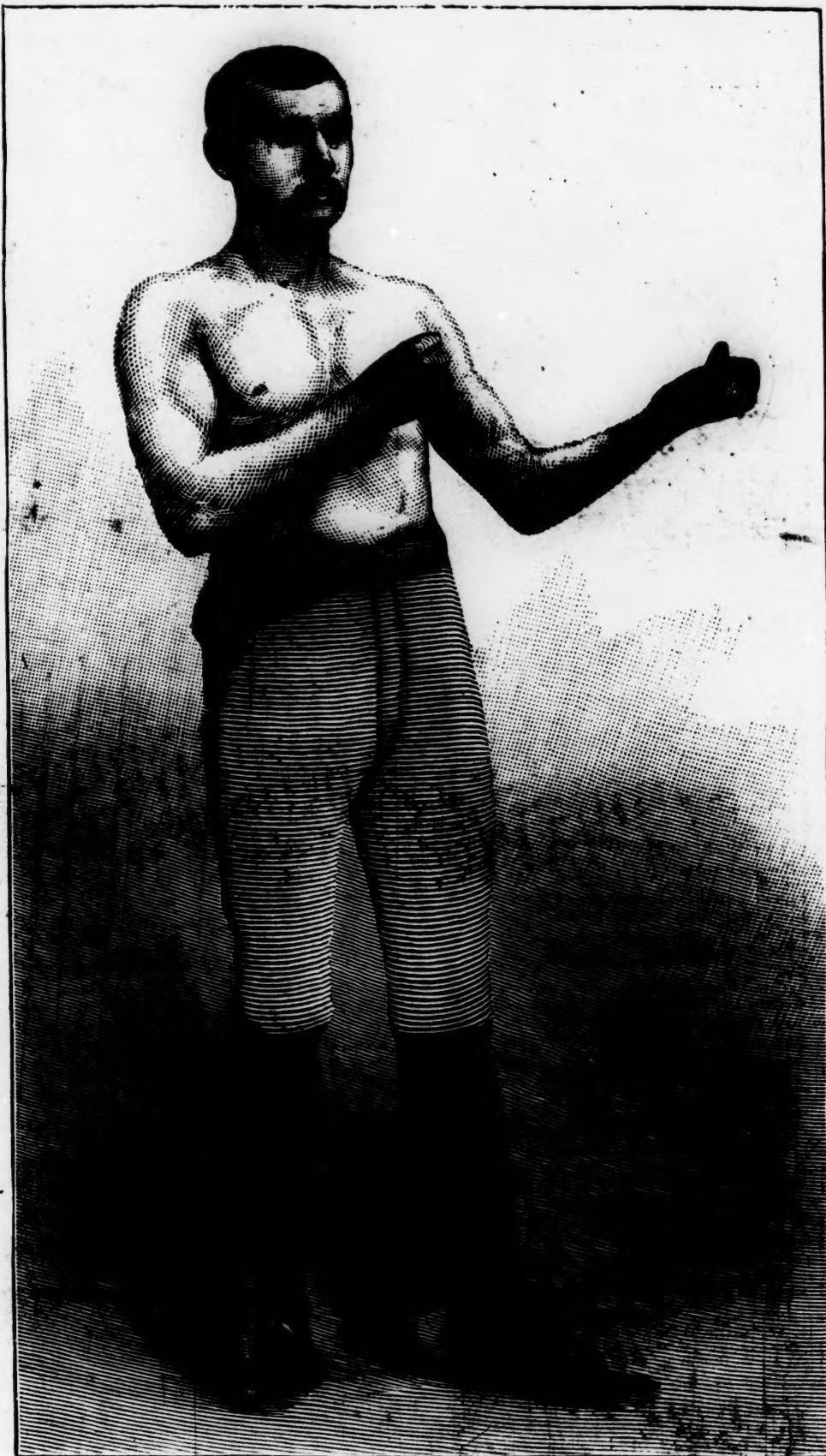


A TRAVELLING BARROOM.
ENTERPRISING SALOONIST FALK CASSAK'S NOVEL WAY OF BEATING THE EXCISE LAW IN NEW YORK CITY.



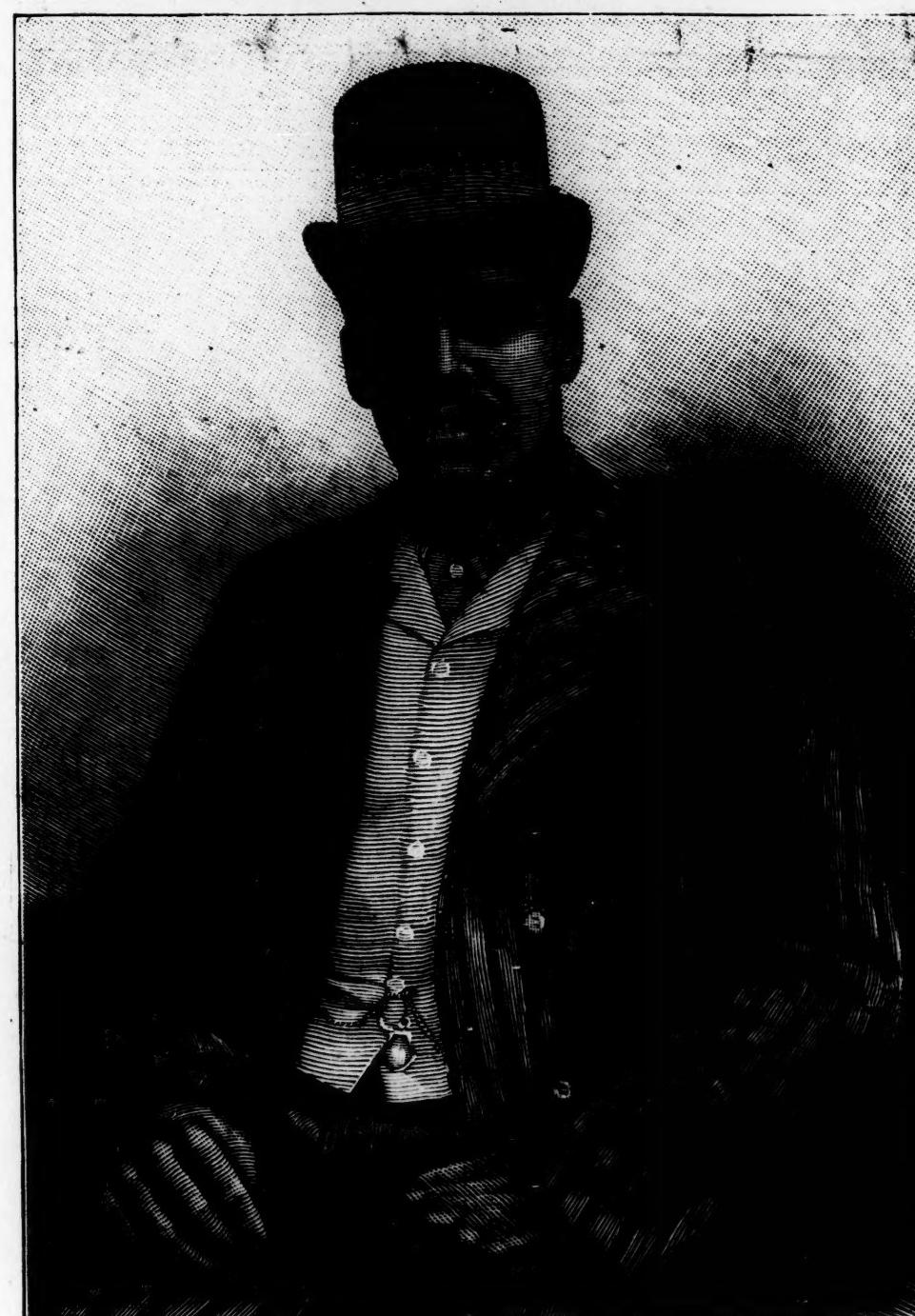
TRAINER SAM FITZPATRICK.

THE NOTED PUGILISTIC SPORT WHO IS GETTING PETER JACKSON READY FOR HIS BOUT WITH PATSY CARDIFF.



PUGILIST HUGH McMANUS,

THE PRIDE OF ST. LOUIS, MO., WHO IS ANXIOUS TO MEET ANY MAN OF HIS WEIGHT.



PETER JACKSON, THE BLACK WONDER.

THE FAMOUS COLORED PUGILIST WHO IS SOON TO MEET PATSY CARDIFF FOR A PURSE OF THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS.



BICYCLISTE LOTTIE STANLEY.

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JAMES E. SULLIVAN,

The New Business Manager of
the "Sporting Times."



James E. Sullivan, whose portrait is presented above, and who has for some time past been connected with Frank Leslie's publications, has assumed the business management of the *Sporting Times*. In 1878 Frank Leslie engaged an office boy. It was not long before the boy was promoted to the mailing room. His next step in advance was to the process department. He passed two years in the editorial room, and then assumed a responsible position in connection with the business department. At the death of her husband Mrs. Frank Leslie, quick to recognize and reward ability, gave to Mr. Sullivan the encouragement and advice which equipped him for a larger sphere of usefulness. Under the tutelage of Mrs. Leslie, the ablest business woman in America, Mr. Sullivan took charge of the outside work connected with the news trade. It became his duty to push the Leslie publications all over this continent. How successfully this great work has been performed is a matter of record. Mr. Sullivan will no doubt make as grand a success in his new field as he did in his former one.

A CAMDEN, N. J., MYSTERY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Recently, while some gravediggers were disinterring some bodies in a Camden (N. J.) cemetery, they were surprised to find a coffin filled with bricks, wrapped in a sheet, which had been buried in orthodox fashion and was supposed to contain a human body. The cause of the strange burial is at present a mystery, but is being investigated.

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To those who will honest endeavor to make sales from our Illustrated Catalogue, we will send a sample watch for \$8.50 and if you will sell or cause the sale of six of these watches within the next 30 days, we will send you ONE FREE. NOW IS YOUR CHANCE to get a beautiful watch at a low price. Send us \$1.00, get up a chain and get six of your friends to send with you. Send us \$6.00 (the price of six watches) and on receipt of the order for six watches at one time, we will send you seven of these watches, with Gold Plated Chain and Charm for each watch, thus giving you one watch absolutely free, and one watch to sell.

In fact.—That all may see and examine these watches before paying for same, we will send them C. O. D. with privilege of full examination at the Express Office, if \$1.00 for each watch ordered is sent us in advance, as a guarantee of good faith. If found perfectly satisfactory and exactly as represented, you can pay the balance at the Express Office, and take the watch. Any person sending Cash with the Order (\$8.50) we will send a beautiful GOLD PLATED CHAIN and CHARM FREE.

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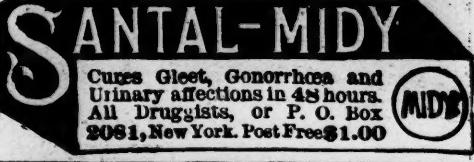
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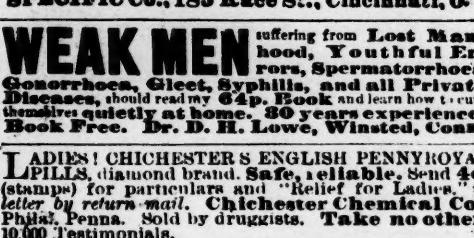
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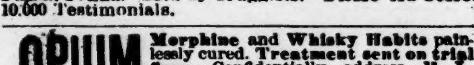
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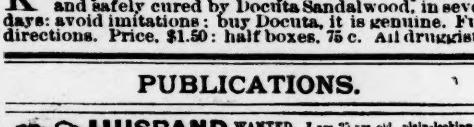
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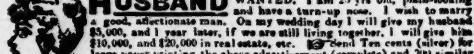
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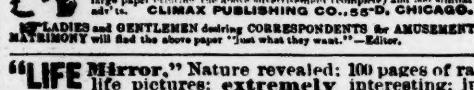
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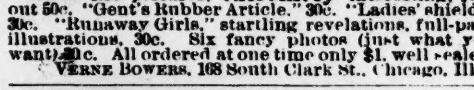
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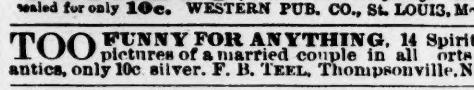
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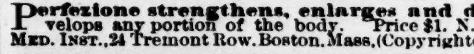
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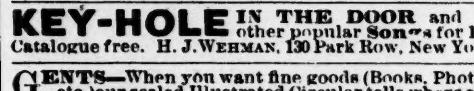
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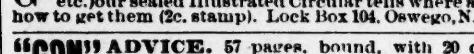
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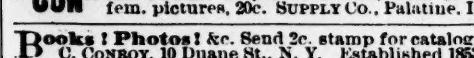
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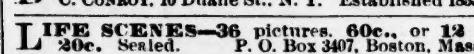
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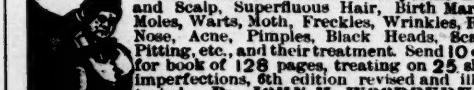
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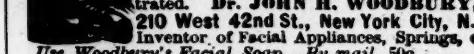
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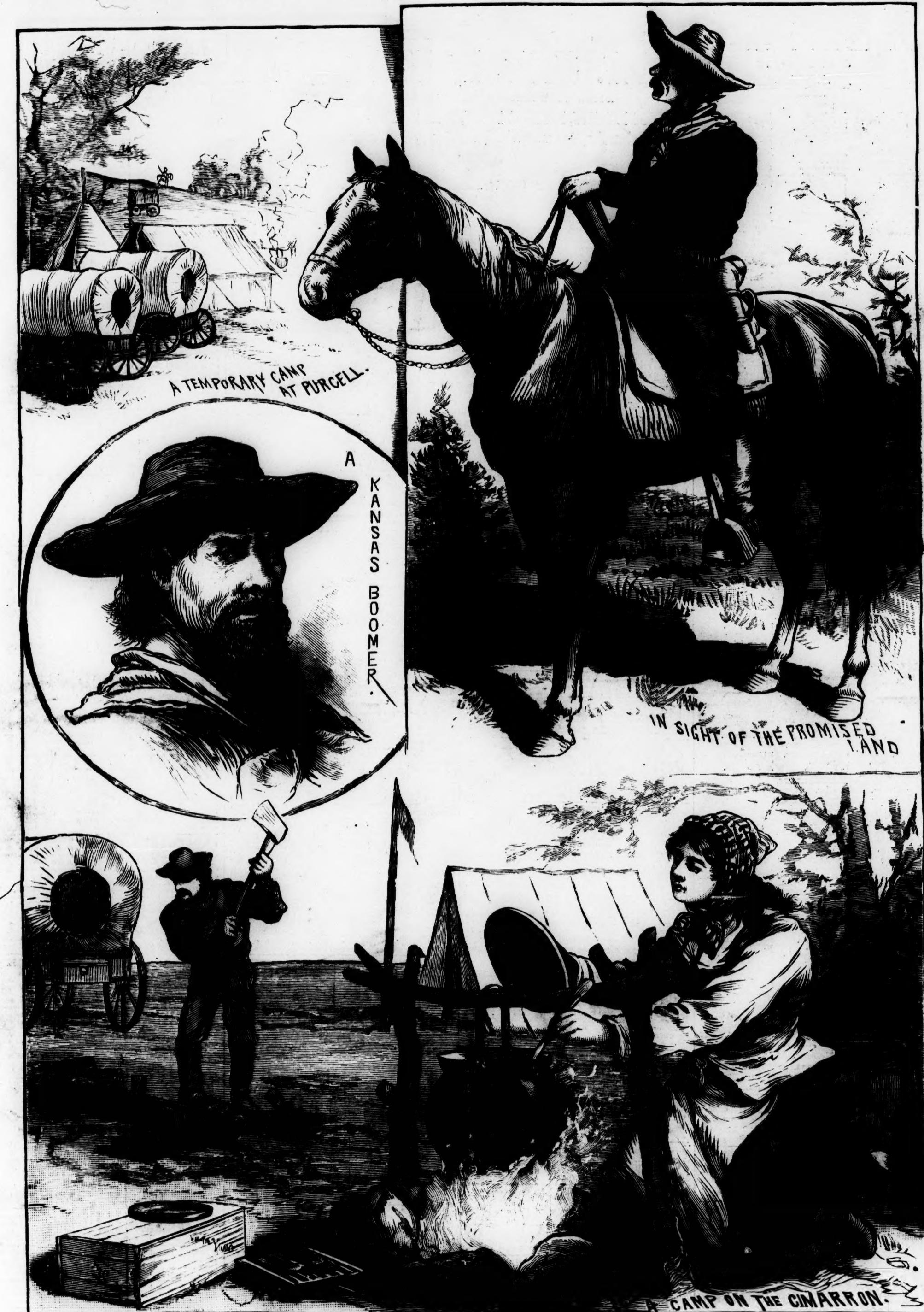


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